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# Buffalo Bill Weekly

DEVOTED TO  
FAR WEST LIFE

## BUFFALO BILL AND GRIZZLY DAN









# NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

Devoted To



Far West Life

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## BUFFALO BILL AND GRIZZLY DAN; OR, PAWNEE BILL'S GIANT SWING.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER I. WILDERNESS SKILL.

In a narrow valley thickly grown to timber, watered by a softly flowing brook, the gently sloping sides of which were likewise mantled by the forest, it was growing dusk on a certain afternoon while the heights above were still glowing in the light of the setting sun.

Birds and the more timid animals were seeking their rest; the bolder crew of night prowlers were just coming forth and beginning their hunt for the wherewithal to satisfy their appetites. A big brown bear, of innocent demeanor, was hatching a fallen log to pieces in a little hollow, looking for the fat grubs which he gobbled down with satisfied little grunts when he found any. He was a serious-looking old fellow; put a pair of spectacles and a ruffled nightcap on him, and he could have posed as some old grandmother ready for her rocking-chair and knitting.

But suddenly the bear halted in his engaging task, threw around his little head with an inquiring snuff, and the next moment waddled off into the brush.

At the rate he lumbered away and the suddenness of his departure, there was but one conclusion to be drawn. He was in a panic. There was something approaching that the huge bear feared.

But for some few moments not a thing—not even a shadow—seemed to move in the forest. At least, this little glade was empty. Had the bear been panic-stricken without cause?

The valley—along the brook on both sides—was not heavily wooded. One might see a moving object at some distance, even in this half light of the early evening.

And into view came the figure of a man—a man running. The bear may have been frightened by his approach, but the man was evidently fearful of something which followed him. Every few yards he cast a searching glance over his shoulder as he ran.

He was an Indian—a savage in little more than a breech-clout and an eagle feather and moccasins. He ran with the long, loping stride of the wolf; but he ran in labored

fashion, too, and that showed that he had either run far or was hard pressed.

Pursuers were on his trail; they were near; the glances he cast over his shoulder proved that fact. And there was a reason why he ran instead of dropping beside the trail and potting one or more of these enemies that had run him to a state of exhaustion.

He carried, despite its weight, a rifle. That rifle must have been a precious possession of the red man, for without it he might have made another mile in the hour.

But somehow, somewhere, on this trail he had fallen, and the rifle barrel, catching in some root, or under a rock, had sustained a terrible wrench. The end of the barrel was twisted so that to try and fire a ball from it would have been worse than useless.

And his only other weapon was a hunting knife. Therefore it was likely that the pursuing party numbered more than one man.

Had there been but one behind him, the redskin might have risked a hand-to-hand conflict with his knife.

Again and again he turned to look back, and his keen, lean, copper-colored face grimaced his hate and despair.

Rapidly the light was fading from the valley. The Indian passed on like a shadow—or a ghost. He footed it by the rotten log which the bear had been mauling—and the bear might have remained for all of him; the redskin would have paid him no attention whatsoever!

His eyes were given to the dark path ahead; his ears were given to the footfalls behind.

For he could hear them. His pursuers were so close now that he could hear the pad of their feet on the thinly turfed ground. And without doubt they were running him by sound as well. The shadows were now so deep that they could scarcely see him, and he could not see them.

But in less than a minute after the Indian had passed the rotten log, three other figures reached the glade. They were the stalwart figures of two white men in hunting costume, and the third individual was likewise a white,



but of only medium size and height, though as quick as lightning in his movements.

This third man ran ahead. He was half in Indian dress; he was hampered by neither rifle nor pistol. But in a sheath at his belt was a heavy-handled, long-bladed, two-edged knife—one of those fearful weapons invented by Colonel James Bowie, of Texas, which, in the hand of a man who knew how to use it, was the deadliest weapon known to the frontier.

Behind this slighter man, who ran as easily as a leopard, came one whose handsome face and muscular frame would have marked him in any crowd of either whites or reds. He wore, too, his hair in a mane upon his shoulders, and was smoothly shaven but for a mustache and imperial. The third man was a good mate for the others in strength and fleetness, and as he ran he carried a pistol in his hand, with the evident hope of getting a fleeting shot at the running Indian.

"He went this way, necarnis!" exclaimed the leading man, turning for an instant to look over his shoulder.

"I believe you are right, Pawnee," replied the long-haired man.

"The major is sure right, by gorry!" panted the man behind—he with the pistol. "There! I hear him."

"Sh! He's running hard—he's winded!" exclaimed he of the long hair.

"By the sacred O-zu-ha!" cried the leading man. "We'll have that red in a minute."

"Perhaps," observed the man nearest him.

"What do you say, Cody?" inquired the man with the pistol.

"He is still running strong, though labored. It is not a cinch, boys."

Their own pace was steady and even, although they were not so well dressed—or undressed—for the task as the red fugitive. But they had not run so far as he. Only this broken ground had forced them to discard their horses and chase the redskin afoot.

"It's getting darker every minute," muttered the man behind. "He'll escape us yet."

"Don't be a betty, Hickok!" jerked out the leader of the trio. "See yonder! There's the moon!"

"Aren't you just right, major!" cried the man with the pistol, taking sudden heart again.

Above the hilltop the round, glowing face of the moon had already appeared; and as the sun glow faded in the western skies, her light played more kindly on the valley.

To the fugitive Indian the moonlight, penetrating the forest and bathing the bottom of the valley with its soft glow, was the last circumstance against him.

There was now no escape. His pursuers were gaining steadily. He could only for a few moments longer keep out of their sight.

Had there been any deep body of water handy, or a steep cliff down which the desperate red could have thrown himself, he would have committed suicide so as to keep his scalp from falling into the hands of the enemy. To be killed and scalped, according to his red belief, was to go disgraced to the happy hunting grounds.

But no such escape as that was vouchsafed him. He was almost at his last gasp. He was at a more desperate state than his pursuers believed.

He knew that his every footfall was heard by the trio in his rear. He could not speed up and lose them for even a moment.

And then—just at this desperate juncture—something occurred which might be termed actually miraculous. At least, it was miraculously beneficial to the redskin.

As the red runner loped heavily along the brookside there was a sudden little scurry behind a huge log that lay on the bank. A deer jumped up from its bed at the farther end of the log and dashed off through the forest at terrific speed.

The Indian instantly seized this opportunity—one that none but a savage would have seen. He leaped lightly upon the log, ran along its length without making a sound, and dropped down into the lair still warm from the deer's body. There he cowered, almost breathless, while the footfalls of the flying animal grew fainter and fainter to the ear.

The next moment the three white men appeared, running

at top speed. But this burst of speed lasted for only a few moments. The footfalls of the deer were soon indistinguishable.

The trio stopped as by common consent beside the log. "On-she-ma-da!" ejaculated the smaller man. "That red scamp fooled us, necarnis."

"He was holding back until it got dark," grunted Hickok, putting his pistol back in his belt. "Now we can't follow his trail, and he's sartainly got us beat to a frazzle running! What do you say, Buffalo Bill?"

"You boys seem to have figured it out about right," said he of the long hair gravely. "I would have staked my oath the red was nigh done up. This surprising burst of speed quite knocks us out. We'll have to camp here and take up the trail again at daylight."

As the long-haired man's companions agreed to this statement, the redskin, cowering behind the end of the log, whispered to himself, and not without fear:

"Pa-e-has-ka!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CAMP.

At this time the now great State of Utah was almost entirely a wilderness, saving around the headquarters of the Mormons at Salt Lake City. Here and there throughout the vast territory were settlements destined later to become wealthy and bustling towns and cities.

The Mormons were sharp enough to remain friendly with the Indian tribes found in the territory when they arrived—with the Utes especially, and the Navahos and Hualpai Indians who sometimes spilled over from their lands in New Mexico. The long caravans of freight, and the moving parties, belonging to the Latter Day Saints, as the Mormons styled themselves, were not molested by the redmen. The fate of other settlers moving into the territory was sometimes too awful to write about!

The depredations of the Indians at this time—especially of a branch of the great Ute nation, at the head of which that really great statesman, Colorow, still stood—had caused the United States authorities to send Major Pringle and a detachment of cavalry and half a regiment of "walk-a-heaps," as the Indians termed the infantry, into this part of Utah to quell the reds.

With the boys in blue, and in full command of both the white and red scouts attached to Major Pringle's command, was the man who, above all others, the Indians themselves feared. Yet they admired him and trusted him, too, for "Pa-e-has-ka," or Long Hair, had never been known to break his word to an Indian.

Since his boyhood, and on the old Kansas-Nebraska trails, William F. Cody had fought Indians, had learned their ways of thinking and acting—was well-nigh an Indian himself, indeed. And his two companions at this time were likewise old Indian fighters.

Wild Bill Hickok, of Laramie, was a famous pistol shot, had served as both sheriff and United States marshal, and had never yet shown the white feather in the face of either red or white foe. As for Major Gordon W. Lillie, second in command to Buffalo Bill himself, he had spent years among the Indians and had become, as near as a white man could, one of the redskins themselves.

But when it comes to woodcraft and wilderness skill, the white man always falls just a little short of the red. Civilization has done too much for us. It has dulled our senses—those senses that, like the instinct of the wild animal, once warned us of threatening harm or aided us to find the blind trail of our enemy or of game.

But the untutored savage still retained this keenness of scent, eyesight, hearing, and—something else. A red man would have instantly realized that it was a four-footed creature, instead of a two-footed, that broke into such a fast run and left the three white men panting and disgusted beside the log in the forest.

"Come on, boys!" said Buffalo Bill more cheerfully to his comrades. "It was a lone Indian, and we have followed him a good twenty miles from the point where he left his gang. We can risk a fire, I reckon—and I didn't throw away my pack. We'll eat."

"And a good thing, too," growled Hickok. "It will put heart into us; and the Injun, smart as he is, will be plumb tired out after that trick he's played us."



"He's safe till morning, just the same," said Pawnee Bill, the slighter man. "An-pe-tu-we! If he didn't run but a mile, he's got us tied up in a sack just the same."

"But he can't hide his trail in the dark," said Buffalo Bill quietly. "The moonlight won't last long in this valley. He won't travel far before daybreak."

"You bet he won't!" agreed Pawnee Bill. "Shades of Unk-tee-hee!" (All unseen spirits are sons, or disciples, or Unk-tee-hee.) "Injun no walk when um ghosts walk—wuh!" And he chuckled.

The Indian religious belief is truly spiritualistic. Unseen spirits—some good, but many more evil—guard every place, every time of life, every season, and every act. An Indian will neither travel nor fight by night if he can help it. The dark hours belong to the "shades of Unk-tee-hee."

The three white men built their camp with neatness and dispatch. There was a sheltered place at the butt of the great fallen tree, and Buffalo Bill made a little fire of hard, dry wood against the huge log. Little smoke arose from this, and the fire was clear, but low. Although they believed that they were practically alone in this valley—saving for the Indian fugitive—they took as few chances as possible. They did not wish to attract any chance traveler's attention to their camp.

And there they were bivouacked, while scarcely sixty feet away the Indian lay curled in the nest of the frightened deer!

He could hear the murmur of their voices. As the fire flared up now and then he could see their flickering shadows upon the leafy roof of the camp. The odor of scorched pork and boiling coffee tickled his nostrils.

They were unconscious of his near presence, totally unconscious, indeed; yet the Indian knew that they were alert. A step, a rustle, the crackling of a twig, the startled cry of a bird—any one of these would instantly set the three scouts on their guard.

So he lay like the log itself—quite as motionless and only breathing quietly. Small, night-prowling vermin passed him without seeing him. If they chanced to smell him they scuttled away softly into the runways and hide-outs along the bank of the brook.

The water trickled over the stones with a sound as loud and distinct as the ticking of grandfather's clock. The redskin's mouth was parched and his tongue clove to his upper jaw, but he dared not creep down to the brook to satisfy this terrible thirst.

The Indian is taught from birth to suffer in silence. Under the lash of torture, even at the burning stake, it is seldom that the red man gives voice to pain.

Before he can be a brave—a warrior—he must go through the initiation prescribed by the laws of his tribe; and that initiation often includes the infliction of such pain that scarcely a white man living could endure the same without a groan.

Of course, in many of these savage ceremonies the candidate has the fanatical uplift of all religious maniacs; it is a species of insanity that numbs the physical senses.

But here was a case of plain endurance with no help of mind control! The redskin lay thirsting, hungry, cramped in body, for hours and hours—and within sound and smell of such rude comforts as are obtainable in the forest.

The three white scouts ate and drank and stretched themselves comfortably before their tiny fire under the influence of pipes and cigars. The odor of the smoldering tobacco reached the nostrils of the Indian, too, and, as he loved the weed, that added to his discomfort. His eyes glowed like points of fire in the darkness, and his dark face grimaced into an expression of hate and ferocity awful to behold.

Had it been in his power he would have sunk his knife into the heart of each of the trio of whites in turn; and they would have killed him with as little compunction.

It was not for death that the scouts had chased him, however. Buffalo Bill wished to catch this warrior alive. Something had happened twenty miles or more back upon the trail to Lone Tree Gap; this redskin, Buffalo Bill knew, could explain that bloody happening.

The three comrades, riding the wagon trail aforementioned, had come upon a sight all too common at that time and in that territory—a sight to make the blood of white men fairly boil.

They had followed some distance the trail of Indian ponies; then this single, unmounted warrior had left his crew and was evidently a runner to some other band of Indians, or to some hidden village in the mountains.

The trail was hours old, and the mounted Indians could not be caught; but Buffalo Bill had decided that this courier afoot might be run down. He and his mates had started upon that task, and, as we have seen, were able to come close to the runner before they were forced to abandon their steeds.

Learning that he was being chased, the wary red man had evidently turned from the path which he would have otherwise followed, and led his pursuers across so rough a stretch of country that the whites had to abandon their horses. Then he cut down into this valley, hoping that he had shaken them off his trail.

Not so, however; Buffalo Bill and his friend Major Lillie, and their companion from Laramie, were not men to give up a task when once begun, so easily. They were comparatively fresh, while the Indian had run half a day or more. Although shod in riding boots, they managed, as we have seen, not only to keep the Indian's trail, but to gain upon him.

But now, unconscious of his near presence, they were content to wait until daylight should show them his footprints along the brookside. They smoked out their pipes, and then two rolled themselves as snugly as possible between the fire and the log for warmth, while the third kept watch.

They had no blankets or other comforts, and only two pistols and a bowie between them as weapons, their other firearms being with the horses, five miles or more away.

The forest was inhabited by more savage creatures, indeed, than the red warriors. Huge bears might venture down from the mountains; the distant yell of the panther reached the ears of the watcher; occasionally a lone wolf howled his call to the pack.

The spark of fire which was kept alive, however, defended the campers from these beasts of prey. A handful of dry wood flung upon the fire would quickly light up the glade and drive away any prowling brute.

But the fire had no terrors for another and even more watchful enemy. The Indian, once more strong and refreshed, despite his hunger and thirst, did not close his eyes. He lay there in the deer wallow, biding his time.

To quell the gnawing hunger he pulled his belt tighter. He endured thirst without complaint. He might now have crept softly away from the bivouac of the whites, and if the sentinel of the camp had heard him he would have thought it merely some prowling brute.

A few hundred yards placed between his enemies and himself, and he might have felt free to drink at the brook to repletion. He could then, too, walk nimbly away from the camp and put many miles between himself and the whites before morning.

And there was something besides his fear of spirits that kept this redskin in the deer wallow. No matter how far he traveled in the night, he knew that his enemies would follow. Not until light came could he do much toward hiding his trail, and he believed that he had such acuteness and wilderness skill pitted against his own that he would have difficulty in fooling his enemies.

For he knew Pa-e-has-ka, the Long Hair. The famous scout was on his trail, and the redskin was aware that the scout was a marvelous reader of signs. Buffalo Bill might have made the mistake of taking the sound of four hoofs for two, but give him the use of his eyes and the scout would not fail to read the faintest signs.

Harbored, as he was, at the end of the log farthest from the white men's bivouac, the Indian could raise his eyes to a level with the log, and, glancing along its length, the glow of the low fire was visible, as well as the shadow of the upright figure of the sentinel beside the bole of a near-by tree.

Had the Indian possessed a gun in good condition, he could have shot the sentinel from where he lay. But that would not have satisfied his bloodthirstiness—nor would it have been the part of wisdom for him to have done such a thing.

Had he killed one of the whites in such a way, the other two would surely have searched him out, and he would



have paid for their comrade's death by losing his own life.

No, the redskin had a more significant plan than that. He did not wish to kill one of his pursuers only. He had determined on one great thing: He would take the scalps of the three white men to his wigwam! Such a feat would make him a great man in his tribe—his praise would be sung throughout the Ute nation—the story of it would be told and retold around every council fire.

Therefore, rolling this sweet cud of hope under his tongue, the redskin lay sleepless, every nerve on the *qui vive*, while the dark hours dragged by and the gray armies of approaching dawn crept into the valley.

The sentinels had been changed twice. One white man had awakened another after a certain season, and the freshly awakened man had taken the other's place beside the tree. The fire had been fed just enough to keep it alive.

Wild Bill Hickok stood the final watch. The sky above, such as he could see of it between the treetops, was a gray-blue bed in which the stars were being tucked away for the day. The forest about the glade, however, was still but a dim green blur of color. And at this hour all nature seems on tiptoe, breathlessly waiting the coming of dawn.

It was yet too early to arouse his comrades. Wild Bill stretched his arms and yawned silently. While his eyes were tight shut in this momentary exercise, the watchful redskin glided out of his place at the end of the log, dodged around behind the sentinel, and then, with uplifted knife, and the tread of a wild cat, drew nearer and nearer to the unconscious man!

### CHAPTER III.

#### GRIZZLY DAN.

Perched in the mouth of a shallow cut high up on the western boundary of this valley, a log house was cozily sheltered from wind and storm. The timber was cleared around the cabin, only a few trees being left for shade. It was a solidly built structure, with apertures here and there in the walls where a rifle could be poked out, if need be, and the door was of heavy, ax-hewn planks.

There was a small square window facing the east, and this was not shuttered; but a home-cured doeskin hung inside it, one corner having fallen down and now fluttered in the breeze which had sprung up with the first approach of day.

Up here the day opened earlier than in the valley. Although the sun still lingered lazily in bed—being unwilling to kick off the covers of fleecy clouds that were strung along the top of the eastern mountains—it was growing quite light about the cabin.

It was at least light enough to reveal the skins stretched upon the outside of the logs near the door, the fireplace built in the open, some half-hewn logs, and a stack of firewood, and, before the closed door of the cabin, a great, dirty gray pile of something that looked more like a heap of canvas in the still uncertain light than anything else.

But the gray light stole into the window where the doeskin had fallen away, and it revealed a man sitting at the rude table and facing the light. The seat he occupied was merely a section of log; the table was a slab on crudely hewn logs; in a dim corner were revealed the outlines of a bunk built against the wall, and in another corner, near the clay-and-stone fireplace, some hanging shelves.

The man had not been sleeping on the skins of which there was a heap in the bunk. His face was on his folded arms upon the table. His clothing was of some hairy fur that looked like bearskin—at least, his coat and breeches looked like that. From above his knees to his ankles, however, he wore deerskin leggings sewn with the sinews of the deer itself and laced with strings of cured deer hide. On his feet he wore Indian moccasins.

Like so many frontiersmen, this individual had made him a cap of the raccoon skin, the striped tail of the creature being made to hang down behind. A raccoon hide was just about big enough for a cap, and if one wished to be particularly fancy the head was stuffed and sewed to the front for a peak, with glass beads set in the eye-holes.

This cap had fallen from the head of the man asleep at

the table in the cabin. And the bared head was a strange, not to say horrible, sight!

All around the man's head, even above the forehead for a little distance and hanging down behind to the collar of his bearskin jacket, was a thatch of coarse, gray-black hair. It was not iron gray, but seemed to be in alternate locks of jet black and dirty gray.

On the middle of his pate, in a rude circle of say four inches in diameter, not a hair grew. More than that—his head was not only bald, but it was scalped! This man had some time suffered a torture that few people have suffered and lived. There have been cases where a victim of such a savage act endured after the operation—but was insane!

This man, however, had been "scalped to the ears," as was the saying—for ordinarily the redskin takes merely a lock of hair and a circular piece of skin from the head of his dead victim about the size of a silver dollar. When it took two savages to kill a man, however, his entire scalp was torn from his head; and this unfortunate seemed to have been the victim of such an outrage.

Where skin and hair had been removed a pinkish-gray membrane seemed to have formed over the palpitating arteries and thin flesh beneath. The beating of the blood through these veins could be seen now as the gray light grew at the window and shone full upon the horrible wound.

And—perhaps because the bare flesh was so sensitive to a change of temperature—the warmth of the first red ray of the sun, which flashed from the cloud bank on the eastern summits directly into this cabin window, was the cause of his awakening with a start.

When he raised his head there was revealed a bushy-bearded being with eyes that glowed like live coals—a grim countenance, indeed. And he awoke as alert and wide awake as though such a thing as sleep had never been invented!

As he stood up from the table, his right hand closed upon the rust-streaked barrel of the rifle that had lain under his arms across the table while he slept. He was not a tall man, but was broad and possessed great depth of chest and a long arm. He was belted at the waist, and thrust into the belt were a pistol and hunting knife.

He picked up his cap, pulled it down upon his head to hide the bare spot, and strode to the door. Lifting the bar, he flung the portal open, yet involuntarily standing so that little of his body could be seen from outside.

A second or two he waited before stepping into the aperture, and this brief time it took him to scrutinize the clearing before the cabin. Then his gaze rested upon the gray heap on the doorstep just before he placed his right foot upon it.

"Whup!" he exclaimed, in something between a growl and human speech.

With the word he swung back his moccasined foot and kicked the furry heap soundly. There was no uncertain tone in the growl that answered his own audible comment and the comment of his solid foot. Up sprang a half-grown bear, and that it was of the tribe of Ole Ephraim there could be no mistake.

The beast dodged another kick and stood off, growling and eying the man sideways as though half tempted to spring upon him. But the hermit gave the brute no further attention.

Instead, he swung the door to behind him to keep out wandering and inquisitive denizens of the forest that lay around, and proceeded in a straight course down the rough hillside into the valley where the brook flowed.

Immediately following sunset of the previous evening the hermit had seen a light flash up at a certain point in the bottom land. Although the forest so thickly covered this hillside, this spark of fire rose and fell steadily, and the hermit knew it was a camp fire. As the Indians were in revolt, he did not believe any wandering buck had built the small fire; they would have been more prodigal of fuel in the first place.

As he swiftly descended the hill he caught the flare of the camp fire once more. It was likely that the white man, or men, who had lit the fire were not yet astir, for it was still dark in the valley.

As the man in skins went on he heard a snuffing and



scuffling in the brush behind him, and flashed a look behind to catch the bulky shape of the young grizzly, trailing him.

"Whup! To heel, John!" he growled.

The bear, like an ill-behaved dog, came cringing in, and thereafter followed his strange master with nose close to the ground and close to the hermit's moccasined heels as well.

But suddenly, when the oddly assorted pair were almost at the foot of the decline, the bear snuffed loudly and then whined. He stopped, too, and waited for the man to look about. The forest was thick here and the light was dim, for they had descended the mountainside more swiftly than the morning light descended.

The man saw nothing; he heard nothing. Yet, with a second whine, the bear dodged out of sight in the neighboring thicket.

Alert, the man in skins dropped to cover himself and continued in a bent attitude, yet with long, swift strides.

He was sure the camp below was not yet astir. Not a sound announcing the presence of humans had reached his ears. The bear, however, could smell farther than he could hear, and well the hermit knew it.

Suddenly the man broke cover at the edge of the glade in which the three white scouts had spent the night. At least, although he did not show himself beyond the fringe of brush, he opened a space so that he could see.

At the farther side was the glint of flowing water. There was the huge tree lying prone across the glade, at the butt of which the white men had made their bivouac.

And almost instantly the keen eyes of the stranger saw Wild Bill standing with back to him and stretching himself more fully awake, while behind the again freshly burning fire lay his sleeping friends.

But the watcher beheld another thing—the form of the redskin, his knife raised to strike, striding soft-footed upon the totally unconscious sentinel of the camp!

This was no time for hesitation. The hermit dared not shriek a warning to Wild Bill. In so many seconds the Indian's knife would sink to its hilt in the Laramie man's back, and without much doubt he would sink without even a groan to the ground—and as dead as Julius Caesar.

Heavy as the man in furs appeared, and clumsily as he was dressed, his movements could scarcely have been equaled in swiftness by Pawnee Bill himself.

He seemed to clear the distance between him and the Indian in one catamountlike leap. His rifle, swung up like a club, descended upon the redskin with force enough to have dashed out his brains—had the blow ever landed.

But a tree branch intervened; it broke the force of the blow. The Indian was knocked off his feet and the knife flew from his hand.

Wild Bill "came awake" about as suddenly as ever he had before in his life. He whirled, and his pistol was in his hand when he came face to face with the chagrined man in skins.

In one glance the Laramie man knew all. The Indian was just leaping up and away. The pistol king fired at him, and by a second miracle the red's life was spared.

In whirling so quickly Wild Bill tripped on a root. Even as he pulled the trigger he felt himself falling, and his bullet went high among the treetops.

"Gosh all Friday!" he yelled.

The shot and his yell brought Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill to their feet. The Indian had shot across the glade, and it looked as though he would escape, although the man in skins pulled a steady bead on him with his rifle. But it takes much longer to get into action with a rifle than with a pistol, and the red was at the edge of the jungle when another actor appeared upon the scene.

Right beside the running redskin, and from the thicket, appeared the grizzly that had followed the hermit down from the heights. The red uttered a single raucous shout.

It was his death yell. The paw of the hermit's savage pet swung like a great flail, and the redskin, with his head a mass of shattered bone and flesh, was thrown twenty feet and against the fallen log.

There he dropped to the ground, quivered once in all his length, and lay still.

The bear, growling savagely, would have followed up the attack; but his master sprang across the intervening space and drove the brute back with a sound blow across

his snout—the tenderest spot bruin possesses in all his anatomy.

"Whup! Back!" commanded the man in skins.

With a deep growl, the bear retired, pushing his bulky rump into the thicket and so disappearing slowly as the three scouts approached the spot.

"By the sacred O-zu-ha!" cried Pawnee Bill. "Is this a nightmare, or just an ordinary occurrence in these hills?"

"That same was a grizzly if ever I sighted one," murmured Wild Bill.

Buffalo Bill did not speak, but waited for the stranger to express himself. The man in skins did so most nonchalantly:

"Couldn't let him git at th' Injun, though he hates 'em wuss nor poison. He ain't never tasted yooman blood; w'en he does, it's either 'Good-by, John!' or 'Good-by, Grizzly Dan!'"

## CHAPTER IV.

### A TERRIBLE STORY.

"Then you guarantee to have control enough over the brute so that he won't come back and sidewipe us as he did the Indian, my friend?" asked Buffalo Bill, smiling and putting out his hand to the frontiersman.

"He ain't noways fond of strangers, John ain't," drawled the man in furs; "but I don't reckon he'd attack ye unless ye riled him. But Injuns he does p'intedly hate—I taught him to hate 'em."

"And how long have you been teaching that beauty?" asked Pawnee Bill curiously.

"Come three year now. I got him when he war a blind pup—killed his mother an' his daddy, too, I reckon. L'arnt him ter eat jest like ye would an orphan calf. But ye can't re'lly call him house broke, ner fit fer a lady's pet."

"So you are Grizzly Dan?" said Buffalo Bill quietly. "I have heard of you, but I had no idea you were living in these hills."

"I been yereabouts now for nigh six year. Fust off I was over to Lone Tree Gap; but some curious son of a gun got to scratchin' the yarth over thar an' he found color. So thar was th' us'al rush, an' I skun out."

"I take it you don't care for neighbors, then?" chuckled Wild Bill.

"Not at times. I'm diff'rent from other men—an' I know it. Thar's times w'en I wanter be erlone. This yere kentry is gittin' too thickly settled, anyway."

"That's what old Nomad says," said Pawnee Bill.

Grizzly Dan turned on him with suddenly twinkling eyes and a grin, showing the black fangs in his jaws.

"Ole Nick Nomad?" he demanded.

"Surest thing you know, partner," said Lillie.

"Is he travelin' with you-uns?" asked this strange man o' the woods.

"He is on the Lone Tree Trail right now," said Buffalo Bill. "He and two other scouts of my party—a Piute named Little Cayuse, and a German named Schnitzenhauser."

"Them I don't know," said Grizzly Dan, shaking his head. "But I know Nick Nomad."

"Yes. It was from him I first learned of you, Grizzly Dan," said the king of scouts. "He has known you for fifteen years or more."

The face of the frontiersman was suddenly changed as to its expression. Grizzly Dan was no beauty at best; now his usually savage expression was intensified, his eyes were fired with a truly murderous light, and his lips were drawn back from his broken and discolored teeth as are the lips of a snarling wolf.

"Aye—fifteen year it is," he said. "Fifteen year ago they found me at Yellow Face Gulch—and brought me back to life, curse them!"

The vehemence with which he uttered the words startled the three scouts, and they remained silent.

"That's whar they found me. The reds had left me for dead, all right, all right. 'Twas a pity Nick an' them w' him ever saved me from th' crows. I'd been better dead."

Under his matted beard the man's sun-and-weather-tanned face began to flush. Buffalo Bill was sorry he had mentioned old Nomad, for it was plain that the circum-



stance had started in this strange man's mind a flow of memory that racked him to the very core of his soul!

"Lemme tell ye," he panted, his glowing eyes holding the gaze of the three listeners. "Lemme tell ye. I lived in old Missouri. Why in thunder I left it I dunno. It's like Missouri people has got the itch for travelin'. Things allus look better farther on to 'em."

"That's the way it was wi' me. I couldn't be content. I sold out, packed a waggin, hitched a span of hosses an' two mules to hit, an' set forth."

He hesitated; the fire began to die out of his glaring eyes, and he licked his lips before he said the next words:

"The wife, she traveled with me. In the waggin. Jest bunked along o' the rest o' the train—for we j'ined a crowd travelin' inter Utah tergether. Some of us expected ter go clean ter Californy."

"Yes, she come wi' me," repeated Grizzly Dan in a voice much softer than before. "We only had one child—a gal. She was five w'en we started. We left her wi' my wife's folks. W'en we got established—mebbe rich—we was goin' ter send for her."

"So we got to Yellow Face Gulch. You-all know wot happened thar fifteen year ago, I reckon?" And his face began to work again, and the blood flowed into it until he looked apoplectic. "Them cursed reds hopped on us. They killed every man, woman, and child. They killed me. This mutilated carcass they left ain't a man no more!"

"Thar's times," pursued the excited unfortunate, "w'en I ain't accountable fer my acts. I knows it. I aint' fit ter live with white folks. I hates the reds. Wot d'ye s'pose I teaches my grizzlies ter hate redskins fer? I loves ter see th' beasts tear a red ter pieces. Oh, I got er pit back thar in the hills whar I've flung more than one red, you bet! Th' grizzlies gets 'em!"

His glaring eyes, his suffused face, and his almost inarticulate speech warned the listeners that he was fast verging upon some paroxysm; but they did not know what to do for him. He swung his head as a bear does, looking from one to the other of the three scouts.

"Ye see, I ain't allus accountable," he growled. "I seen the reds kill 'em all. I was the last, in the middle of the barrier we made of the waggins. They picked all the men off fust; then they rushed the waggins and got at the wimmen an' th' babbies."

"It was a sight! I tell ye, it would ha' blasted yer eyes ter seen wot them red devils done. And then I seen two of the filthy bucks grab my Anna!"

Grizzly Dan tottered on his feet. He dropped his rifle and pushed the cap back on his head. It fell off and bared to their gaze the scalped pate, all suffused with blood, the pulse beating tremendously.

"I saw them! I saw them!" he screamed hoarsely, throwing up his arms. "They tore her limb from limb—"

He toppled over upon the ground, rolling, his limbs twitching, his black teeth bared, the foam flying from his lips. A more terrible paroxysm it would be impossible to imagine.

"On-she-ma-da!" gasped Pawnee Bill. "What a case!"

"By gorry, it's too bad the reds didn't finish the poor fellow!" whispered Wild Bill.

"Don't touch him," advised Cody. "It is an awful case. This is epileptic, of course; brought on by the effect of what he went through. But he will be physically better after it is over. And don't speak of his trouble again. I did not realize that a reminder of it had such an effect upon him. Nomad, who has met up with him several times since he and some comrades found the man—the single living being after the Yellow Face massacre—told me that he was pretty queer in his head."

"An-pe-tu-we!" ejaculated Pawnee Bill. "Who wouldn't be queer—with that head?"

"He certainly has it in for the reds," grunted Wild Bill, casting a swift glance around. "What would happen if that grizzly came back right now?"

"On-she-ma-da! Isn't that right?"

"He must have a supernatural power over the critters," said Wild Bill.

"He is a strange man. Who or what he really is I reckon he has never told. They began calling him Grizzly Dan some years after he became a hermit in the moun-

tains north of here. The reds think he is bad medicine, all right. Who wouldnt think so if they saw him walking through the forest with a tame grizzly trailing behind him like a friendly tomcat?"

"That's right, too," said Wild Bill.

"But Nomad says he is a wonderful trail hunter; his senses are keener than the ordinary white man's. He is sure an unfortunate fellow."

"Hold on!" said Pawnee Bill, stooping over the fallen man. "He is coming to himself again."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PRINT OF A WHITE WOMAN'S FOOT.

Almost as suddenly as he had gone into the fit, Grizzly Dan became himself once more. He sat up, reached for his cap, and pulled it down over the unpleasant-looking wound upon his head. He seemed to shrink from having the place exposed to sight.

Wild Bill had run down to the brook and now brought back a pannikin of water. This Grizzly Dan drank in one great draft and then climbed to his feet. He was silent, and the others did not speak directly to him until Buffalo Bill had thrown fresh fuel on the fire and brought forth their small store of bacon and coffee.

"Stop and take pot luck with us, Dan," said the chief scout. "We don't need to hurry on the back trail now. Your grizzly has done our work for us—and done it well."

"I reckon you-uns was chasin' of thet redskin fer a pertic'lar purpose?" suggested the hermit.

"We certainly were. I'd like to have caught him alive and asked him a few questions. But if you hadn't come along as you did, he might have knifed all hands and got away with our hair."

"You might say so!" returned Grizzly Dan vigorously.

"He was a sharp one to creep back here and try and do for us," said Wild Bill.

"Was you on his trail last night?" asked the hermit.

Lillie explained how they had come to be following a lone Indian, and how he had fooled them in running the evening before.

"You-all got yere jest at dark?" asked Grizzly Dan.

"Sure."

"And the Injun trailed jest ahead of ye till it got dark, an' then lit out like a fresh man?"

"That's it," admitted Pawnee Bill.

"Tain't like er Injun," muttered the backwoodsman.

While breakfast was being prepared and the other three white men were washing up, Grizzly Dan examined the locality thoroughly. It was not so easy to trace the movements of the redskin now, for they had all crossed and re-crossed his footprints, to say nothing of the bear.

But at length Grizzly Dan came to the fire with a broad grin upon his ugly face.

"Buffer Bill, ye aire sure some sign reader, and a good scout. I ain't doubtin' of ye a minute. But ye ain't an Injun."

"I don't claim to be," returned Cody, with a smile.

"Nor yer pards ain't Injuns—though Little Bear, yere, was 'dopted inter th' Pawnee nation, I understand. And this yere Injun thet my John jest swiped knowed thet ye warn't Injun."

"Well, what of it, old man?" asked Wild Will, with some impatience.

"Why, thar's jest this yere of it: Thet redskin would never have tried ter play th' trick he did on other Injuns."

"What trick?"

"Grizzly Dan chuckled as he said: "Th' red was right yere at th' end o' this log—wi'in easy pistol shot of ye—th' livelong night."

"What's that!" cried Pawnee Bill and Wild Bill in chorus.

"Kerrect. I kin show ye whar he lay. His rifle is thar; it war bent so he couldn't use it."

"Then he crept back after we camped," began Wild Bill.

"He was thar when ye reached this yere log," declared Grizzly Dan. "He stayed right thar. He didn't have no 'casion ter move—"

"Nonsense, old man!" cried Wild Bill. "We heard him flying through the forest like a race horse."

Again Grizzly Dan guffawed.



"That's eggzactly it!" he cried. "That's how he fooled ye. No Injun would have mistaken a four-legged runner for a two-legged one."

"I see!" interrupted Buffalo Bill, with disgust. "You believe he stopped right here, starting a wild animal whom we heard—"

"A deer. Thar it was lyin' at the end o' the log. It started up w'en th' Injun come along. He was all in, it's likely. He took the chance that white men would not know th' difference betwixt four laigs an' two. An' you-uns fell for hit—heh?"

"We did, Grizzly Dan, we did!" admitted Buffalo Bill.

"Mebbe ole Nomad wouldn't ha' been so easy fooled. But he got you-uns easy," said the hermit, with his mouth full. "I reckon so. I better go erlong back wi' you boys an' put ye in Nomad's keer. Ye ain't ter be trusted erlong—no, sir!"

His new friends took this rough raillery in good part. And really Buffalo Bill was not aloof to accepting the companionship of this strange forest character. After eating, Grizzly Dan went up the hill and led down again a little, long-haired, scrubby-looking mustang, on which he packed a goodly sack of jerked venison and other provisions, and straddled the creature himself, his toes nearly touching the ground as he sat the skin saddle.

Wild Bill said to him:

"You better git off and tote the horse—'twould look more humane, Dan."

Nevertheless, the tough little beast carried the hermit over the rough ground faster than the three scouts could travel afoot. When they found their own mounts where they had left them the afternoon before, the traveling was more equal.

They merely followed the back track of the route they had come the day before in chase of the Indian courier. Buffalo Bill had explained to Grizzly Dan why they had followed this single warrior instead of the gang that had made the attack on the wagon train.

When they came to the place where the brave afoot had broken away from the pony riders of his tribe, the party dismounted and examined the vicinity for further signs of the reds. There might be something which would yield information regarding the band of savages.

"They was Ute, all right," said Grizzly Dan thoughtfully. "That thar critter my John settled proved that thar—"

Wild Bill suddenly grabbed up his rifle and spun on the ball of his right foot until he could draw bead upon a thicket across the forest opening in which the quartet of white men stood.

"What is it, Hickok?" demanded Buffalo Bill.

"Something moving there," whispered the Laramie man, and Pawnee Bill picked up his own rifle.

But Grizzly Dan, after listening for a moment and wrinkling his nose like a dog catching the scent, put up a restraining hand.

"Whup!" he shouted. "Come out o' thar!"

The bushes parted and the ridiculous head of the half-grown grizzly was thrust into the glade. The bear had been down wind from the horses; but now the creatures saw him, if they didn't catch his scent, and all but Grizzly Dan's scrubby pony began to cut capers and had to be tied to keep them from running away.

"Your friend is mighty attentive," grumbled Wild Bill. "But he'll sure get shot if he appears without you to take his part, old man."

The grizzly tamer grinned. "He'd trail ye for days wi'out you knowin' it, Mr. Hickok—an' if I told him to. He wouldn't ha' showed up now—and he'd kep' away from th' hosses—if I hadn't been yere."

"Nice comfortable feeling I'm going to have traveling this country hereafter," grumbled Wild Bill. "By gorry! Wait till the baron sees that baby!"

At a command from the hermit the grizzly lay down in a sunny place and patiently scratched himself, while the four men continued to search the open ground.

As Buffalo Bill explained, a party of Utes had struck a wagon camp on the trail to Lone Tree Gap, had butchered the people, and made off in this direction. They were mounted—but possibly only on the ponies and wagon mules stolen from the wagon train, and there may not have been enough animals to go around.

This single Indian that they had chased the night before had started afoot to take the news of the attack, and its success, to either the village from which the war party had started, or was to arouse other villages to join in a general attack upon the whites.

It was possible that the approach of Major Pringle and his force was already known to the attacking reds, and the courier had been sent forth with the notification of the approach of the walk-a-heaps.

The party, after attacking the wagon camp, had bivouacked here for a while. The signs of the encampment were plain. Yonder was where the horses were hobbled; here the reds had built a fire and eaten of the provisions stolen from the wagon.

There were many torn and soiled articles of apparel lying about, and the thing that made all four of the white men look the most serious was the fact that some of these garments belonged to women!

They had seen the bodies of two women—evidently emigrants' wives—lying scalped by the wagon camp. These garments, of course, belonged to those poor dead creatures.

Yet as Grizzly Dan went snuffing about the place, like a hound hunting the scent, he came suddenly to a stop and let out a startling, inarticulate yell. The others ran to him.

The old man stood over a certain place where the soil was a trifle damp. He waved his arms and kept the other three trail hunters off.

"What's struck you, friend?" demanded Buffalo Bill.

"See! Look yonder, too!" growled the half-mad hermit.

His blunt finger pointed out the marks on the soil—here and beyond and in a third place ahead. And those marks were unmistakable.

"A woman's foot!" whispered Pawnee Bill, his emotions great indeed.

"Boughten shoes, by gorry!" added Wild Bill.

"And she was running!" exclaimed Buffalo Bill.

"A prisoner, necarnis," said Pawnee. "She was making a break for liberty—"

"But she did not escape," returned the king of scouts confidently. "There is an Indian moccasin covering her footprint. One man chased her, and it is likely that he easily caught her and brought her back."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WAGON CAMP.

The trail from Fort Prevost to Lone Tree Gap dipped down from the high plateaus over which its first course lay into an enormous valley, or series of valleys divided by low hills, all heavily wooded.

These foothills were full of game. They had been the hunting grounds of the Mountain Utes time out of mind. The trail made by the white men's wagon trains was a detriment to the savage hunters, and well they knew it.

Whenever the redskins broke out and began raiding, their hands of scalp hunters lay in wait beside this Lone Tree Gap Trail for the wagon trains that more or less frequently at certain times of the year passed through the series of valleys. A great deal of freighting was done over this trail. But as a usual thing the freight trains were not disturbed by the red warriors.

The freight wagons were well guarded, and the men who went with them—even the "mule skimmers"—were old Indian fighters and dead shots.

It was the emigrant trains that most frequently were attacked by the Indians. Many of them were small—three or four wagons only, with as many families, and possibly not a man in the party who had ever seen a blanket Indian before leaving home.

Such parties were most apt to fall before the attacks of the reds. And the atrocities the Mountain Utes visited upon the unfortunate whites make a catalogue of horrors best not repeated here.

Traveling this trail down into the bottom lands were a trio of riders on this morning, whose diverse oddities of appearance made them more than ordinarily interesting.

In the lead, straddling a pinto saddled with a half-worn wolfskin and bridled with rawhide in Indian fashion, rode a wiry young savage, but wearing the eagle feather which



announced to all the world that he was a warrior and initiated into manhood by the mysteries of his tribe. He was a Piute, with a keen, rather intelligent face, sparkling eyes, and his bronzed skin so smooth and shiny that it looked as though it were oiled.

Behind him rode a white man—but one only knew he was white from his dress and speech. He was dressed for the most part in buckskin, with a coonskin cap, and was whiskered to his eyes, his hair falling down below the fringed collar of his shirt. He was a typical backwoodsman and trapper, with an eye like an eagle's, yet with humorous wrinkles about it that tempered its stern glance. He was a bold, rugged man of some age, but as tough as a pine knot!

In the rear there loafed along a big mouse-colored mule with a wicked eye and ears like wind sails, and which were the most expressive ears that ever a mule owned. Just now they drooped dismally, and as his head likewise drooped, the ears nearly trailed in the dust of the path.

But the mule was nowhere near as great an oddity as the man who bestrode him. At a time and in a country where the garments of pioneers and settlers were of the plainest and most sensible for hard wear, here was a bizarre figure indeed!

In the first place, the mule's rider was a thin-legged, round-bodied person of pronounced Teutonic countenance rosy, fat face, yellow hair, eyes which almost "goggled," and a wisp of a mustache. His normal expression was one of astonished innocence.

He was rigged out in a little fore-and-aft cap, outing suit made by a Berlin tailor with no idea of the needs of one traveling in the American wilds, and his thin legs incased in leggings. A more out-of-place figure could scarcely be imagined.

Frequently the young Indian looked around impatiently, and even the trapper gave the Dutchman several inquiring glances, finally demanding:

"By the horned frogs o' Texas! Kyan't ye hurry thet thar critter none at all, baron? The sun is fair stewin' the ile out o' me, an' thar's shade b'low yander."

"Ach, himmelblitzen!" groaned the man on the mule. "I say, 'Yes, ve vill hurry;' budt nodt so Toofer. He iss in de moot gondemblative!"

"If he was my critter I'd kick him out o' thet thar mood, sure—er I'd frazzle his carcass out inter a doormat," growled the trapper. "How erbout it, Cayuse?"

"Wuh! Mule heap no good," grunted the Indian.

That touched the Baron Villum von Schnitzenhauser "on the raw." He began to swell mightily, his little eyes sparkled, and he was about to bubble out a protest in his own private brand of English—a language that he so abused that the great Doctor Johnson would have fainted had he heard it—when suddenly Toofer stopped stock-still, planting his forefeet as though to brace himself, and threw his ears forward as though taking aim at some object in the partially wooded valley below.

"Vait! Vait von moment!" gasped the baron. "Toofer sees someding—or he hears someding—or he schmells someding—"

"Er-waugh!" grunted the trapper. "You goin' ter catalogue his other senses? Give his heels a chance. He looks ter me like he was a-goin' ter kick something."

But the baron was serious. He shook his head and stared straight on between the mule's ears, trying to see that in the valley which he believed had been sensed by the mule.

The Piute gazed, too, down into the valley under the sharp of his hand. He began to mutter, and the trapper accosted him:

"What's the matter, Little Cayuse? Ye aire surely ez mysterious ez th' mu-el."

"Trouble down there—wuh! Heap trouble," muttered the Piute.

"Hello!" ejaculated the trapper. "Think ennythin's happened ter Buffler and the other Bills? They aire sure ahead of us somewhars on this trail."

Here the baron broke in excitedly:

"Idt's Inchuns! Su-ah idt iss Inchuns! I know dot Toofer iss nodt to pe fooled."

"Injuns, heh?" grunted the trapper. "I bet Buffler ain't been jumped by no reds."

"You t'inks noddin' can happenchance to Puffalo Pill, Nomat," said the baron. "But he undt Vild Pill unt Bawnee Pill vos ahead—"

"And three mighty bad pills for Injuns ter swaller," declared the trapper. "Thar may be somebody else in trouble, though."

"Who?"

"There's a wagon train ahead of us. We knowed thet thar when we left Fort Prevost. With the military comin' in so soon, it 'u'd shown a hull lot o' sense on th' part o' them same settlers ef they'd waited at Prevost an' folloed Major Pringle's command into th' hills, instead of leadin' the way themselves!"

"Py shiminidy! You vos rightd dere, Nomat."

"These folks from back East ain't never afraid enough o' Injuns—or else they aire too afraid," grunted old Nomad. "This yere party ahead properbly seen er few old squaws in dirty blankets, or er few lazy 'breeds, an' they reckon ev'ry other Injun is like 'em."

Just then the statuesque Piute came to sudden life.

"Wuh! Heap trouble! Mebbysso Injuns there once—not know!"

Without another word, he spurred his pinto forward and dashed down the incline toward the partially wooded bottom lands.

"Come on, baron!" shouted Nomad. "Ef thet thar beast won't kerry ye, git off an' kerry him!"

But the mule seemed desirous of following the two horses. He started off after Nomad's Hide Rack, and, without the quirt, galloped at a good pace down the trail.

The farther Little Cayuse went down into the valley, the harder he beat his pinto; and the drumming of the pony's feet led the procession of the three hard-riding friends for five minutes. Then suddenly Little Cayuse shot around the edge of a barrier of wood, and the next moment all three pulled up in a bunch and within a few yards of the wagon camp in the hollow, beside the stream where only a few hours before the Mountain Utes had done their savage will.

A heavy-winged vulture rose and sailed away from behind one of the wagons. The three could not at once see what lay behind that wagon. But right before their horses' hoofs lay an old white-haired, patriarchal-looking man, grasping a broken gun in one hand, his head scalped and bloody, and his other hand hacked off at the wrist. But death had come from a bullet through his lungs, and he had coughed a pool of blood from his lips where he lay which had now soaked into the earth.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CALL TO ACTION.

The trio of discoverers commented, each in characteristic way, upon this awful scene.

"Wuh! Heap bad!" grunted Little Cayuse, and swung himself from the back of the pony.

"Mein gootness grasciousness!" stammered the baron. "Vot a dreadtful, dreadtful t'ing idt iss—yah! De Inchuns haf kill't all of dem! Himmelblitzen!"

Old Nick Nomad swung himself out of the saddle, his eyes blazing and the muscles of his jaw twitching.

"Curse them! The red devils have sure settled them poor folks in a kentry they wasn't a-lookin' fur!" was the trapper's observation.

He and Little Cayuse made a quick but exhaustive examination of the camp. Little Cayuse ran about quickly, squinting at every footprint; but the old trapper saw few signs that were not familiar to him. He had seen many an abandoned camp like this!

"Two poor wimmen!" he groaned to the baron, who for once was speechless. "Thet thar's whar it seems ter hurt me most w'en I sees er yeres of sick works as this yere. A wicked shame ter bring wimmen inter th' Injun kentry until th' Injuns is all made good."

"Ach, himmelblitzen! Meanin' dot dey iss goodt only v'en dey iss deadt!" exclaimed the baron.

"Jest so! Now, these Utes come down yere afoot. They hid behind thet line of scrub yander—see?"

"Meppeso."

"It's sure so! Ain't I right, Cayuse?"

"Heap right," admitted the Piute. "No ambush—wuh!"



"Naw! These folks thought they was picnickin'," grunted Nomad, with disgust. "They makes their camp for the night. Ye kin see how the waggins is spread out—no close circle like they should be."

"Dot vos righdt, py shimmeniddy!"

"Fire built yonder. Wimmen gittin' supper. Men loafin' an' smokin'. Mebbeso they didn't hev their guns by 'em, even."

"Undt dey haf all peen dead-edt!" groaned the baron.

"Massacreed—fair massacreed!" exclaimed the frontiersman, shaking his head.

"Undt vare iss Puffalo Pill undt Bawnee Pill undt Vild Pill?" demanded the baron.

The Piute came back to them again, very much excited.

"Heap many Injuns," he said, and spread his fingers on both hands four times rapidly to show that there were at least twoscore of the red scoundrels who had attacked the wagon camp.

"Not 'nough ponies—mules. Two Injuns ride same pony," added Little Cayuse.

"And you reckon they didn't take no prisoners?" asked Nomad.

The Piute did not reply for a moment, but he beckoned the old trapper to follow him. At one side, near where the horses had evidently been hobbled for the night, was a damp piece of ground. It was a place that Buffalo Bill and his two comrades, when they found the abandoned camp, had overlooked in their haste to get after the marauding reds.

In this piece of damp earth the Piute pointed out the clear imprint of a small boot. It was that of a woman's shoe—there could be no doubt of it. The baron, who had come to look over their shoulders, exclaimed:

"Vale, dot iss nodt so surbrising—yah? Dere vos two vimmens yonder."

"But they were killed while they were getting supper over the fire," declared old Nomad.

Little Cayuse ran back again and soon reappeared with a shoe taken from a foot of each of the dead women. These shoes were both of too large a size to have made the imprint in the earth.

"Ach! Dot iss terrible, yedt!" groaned the baron.

"A third female critter—poor thing!" said Nomad. "And kerried erway, more than likely, by the red devils."

"Put vare iss Puffalo Pill?" began the baron for a second time.

"Wuh!" exclaimed Little Cayuse, holding up his hand and then pointing in the direction the marauders had plainly gone. "There um pony marks. Him show Pa-e-has-ka, um major, um Wild Bill all same follow on."

"I reckon that thar's so," agreed Nomad. "Buffler would likely light out arter them reds instanter. In course, they got some start of him; but they're ridin' heavy—two reds to a pony."

"Undt vill ye feller on, likewise yedt?" asked the baron.

"What good would that do?" objected Nomad. "They was far enough behind the red; mebbeso they ain't caught up wif 'em yit! Now, wot chancet would we have?"

"Bud if dem redskins has gaptured a vomens—"

"And that thar's wot it looks like," said Nomad gloomily.

Suddenly the Piute touched each of his companions lightly on the arm. He was standing in a listening position, and when he turned they saw that his face was alive with emotion. He started away on a quick glide toward his horses, and without question the baron and Nomad followed him.

"The critter's ears is keen," whispered Nomad. "He lez sure hearn suthin'."

And it was evident that old Toofer, the mule, had heard—or otherwise distinguished—the approach of danger. Toofer was facing the dense forest that stretched away in a southerly direction through this valley, ears forward and the whites of his wicked old eyes showing.

"Dot iss so!" breathed the baron. "Toofer varns us—py shimminy!"

The Piute made another motion to quiet the baron.

"Injuns?" whispered Nomad, standing beside Hide Rack, ready to leap into the saddle.

"Wuh! Me not know," grunted Little Cayuse softly. "Samply come—there!"

He paused. Suddenly the horses began to snort and

paw the ground. Toofer shifted his position uneasily, and the baron grabbed the bridle.

"Whoa a leedle pit, Toofer!" he whispered. "Dond't pe afraidt; I vill nodt ledt anyting hur-rt you yedt!"

"It's a beast of some kind, an' don't you fergit it!" growled old Nomad, unlimbering his rifle. The next instant he added: "It's a b'ar, by th' jumpin' horned frogs—it's b'ar!"

Even the Piute uttered a startled grunt when the dirty gray head and shoulders of a bear was poked out of the brush on the other side of the trail.

"Py shiminy Ghristmas!" coughed the baron, trying to get at his rifle while still holding the nervous Toofer.

"Ole Ephraim, as I'm a sinner!" ejaculated Nomad.

And just then, as the old trapper and the Piute took deadly aim at the forefront of the grizzly, a hoarse voice in the brush shouted:

"Whup! John, whup! Come yere, boy! To heel!"

The head of the young grizzly disappeared. The next moment an erect figure, but one that might have likewise been taken for a bear, walked into the clearing. Directly behind him reappeared the bear, following like a trained hound!

"Glory ter Je-ru-sa-lem!" shouted old Nomad. "If yere ain't Grizzly Dan, then ye kin shoot me fer a buzzard!"

"Nick Nomad!" exclaimed the strange being who had startled the three friends. "Is thet thar you? They ain't killed you yet, then, an' smoked yer ha'r over a wigwam fire?"

"Not yet, old hoss!" declared Nomad, hastening forward to greet the man in bearskins. "Ye got the advantage of me thar, Dan."

"I dunno as it's an advantage," growled the other. "Howsomever, ye didn't know no better than ter bring me back ter this world w'en I was better off in the other."

"Don't say thet thar, old son!" cried Nomad, pumping Grizzly Dan's hand warmly. "Ye're better nor a dozen dead men yit."

"I reckon I be," grunted Dan dryly. "Thar's been many a dozen redskins gone over th' Great Divide ter pay fer thet thar scalp they got off me—Hello! Who's this red scamp?"

He jerked his rifle forward as quick as lightning and drew bead on Little Cayuse, who had stepped into view.

"Hold on, Dan! He's friendly. He's Butler Bill's sworn compadre. Cut out the shooting. Jefers-pelters! Wot kind of a brute is this yere ye got?" And Nomad, finding the half-grown grizzly snuffing at his moccasins, took a sudden leap backward and pointed his rifle barrel at John.

The Indian, under Grizzly Dan's gun, and the bear under Nomad's deadly aim, both stood calmly—the Piute with his arms folded across his breast.

"Don't shoot thet b'ar, Nick!" cried the hermit. "He's ez inoffensive as'er sucklin' calf—cept ter Injuns."

"He's jest like his master, then—heh?" returned Nomad, with a twinkle in his eye. "We'll call it er truce, old son. You let the Piute erlone, an' I'll keep my han's off thet thar grizzly. Er-waugh! Doncher let him snutle et my gaiters ag'in. It makes me narvous!"

"Whup! Git back, thar!" commanded Grizzly Dan, lowering his rifle and speaking to John. "Git back, Dan!"

The bear shuffled away, and the man's name came to their minds, if the horses and the mule didn't.

"I reckoned I'd ketch ye yereabouts," said the hermit. "Yer friend figgered it out erbout right w'en he said ye'd be yere."

"Hello!" exclaimed Nomad. "Then ye've seed Buffler?"

"I have," acknowledged the hermit.

Then he went on to repeat briefly the incidents of the morning, and included in his story the adventures of the three Bills the evening before.

"Cody and them two other fellers hez set off into the hills arter them Injuns. They got a woman with 'em," concluded Grizzly Dan.

"Wuh! Heap sure that so," grunted Little Cayuse.

"The Piute found out erbout th' female," said Nomad quickly, seeing that the half-mad hermit was inclined to be angered by the Indian youth butting in. "And she's still with the reds? They didn't kill her, Dan?"

"She was kerried off by the red scamps, all right," said the hermit. "And yer friends is on their trail. Now, it



struck me that I know erbout whar they aire aimin' for

"Sandeman Pass?" interposed Nomad quickly.

"That's th' place, Nick. Them Mountain Utes have got big villages over beyond Sandeman. Cody says that's a bilin' of sogers on the way."

"S. m."

"Waal, ye aire ter send back that pizen Injun ye got to tell Major Pringle of this yere massacre, an' ask him ter bring up his pony sogers with a rush. Bring 'em ez far ez Sandeman. That's a branch trail from this yere Lone Tree Gap Trail, ye know."

"That thar's so," admitted Nomad.

"An' we're ter bury th' dead, an' then light out arter the derned reds, too, scourin' this yere trail ahead of the sogers, an' jine forces with Cody at the pass—should nothin' pervent, ye understand."

"Wough!" grunted Nomad. "Them's Buffler's instructions?"

"To a dot, Nick," replied Grizzly Dan.

"Then the quicker the better," said Nomad, and turned instantly to the Piute. In his own tongue he told the youth the message Buffalo Bill had said.

"All right. Me do what Pa-e-has-ka say," said Little Cayuse, and instantly cinched his saddle tighter on the pinto and in a minute was hitting the back trail.

"You an' me an' this Dutch emigrant," grunted Grizzly Dan, "will clean up yere an' then light out fer Sandeman Pass—wuh I am."

"Himself?" exclaimed the round-eyed baron. "Vas dat him to draw mit us to do some company—huh?"

"Why not?" demanded Dan sharply. "He was born here; he ain't no foreigner."

"Vah," replied the German, "nider in Tiofer from de I. I. rick; but he don't like de Hans beer—nix!"

"He's got it on you thar, Dan," chuckled old Nomad. "Come on! Let's git ter work, fellers. Ef Buffler sent for us thar's likely ter be dain's around Sandeman Pass, and we want git thar b'fore th' fun is all over."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SPY.

Coming down from the steep and heavily wooded heights—a veritable backbone of bare rock at the top, lifting itself into the clouds, and snow-covered for six months of the year—was a narrow railway, or path, that branched off from the wagon trail through the cañon known as Sandeman Pass. To the north, and less than two hundred miles distant, was Lone Tree Gap—a narrow town and pass likewise through the mountain chain, offering a trail more easy to travel, but less direct through the range than Sandeman.

This narrow path above mentioned, however, was not even a horse path. It had probably first been made by wild creatures coming down from their lairs in the mountains to drink at a clear, narrow creek that flowed through the first "dig," or valley. Then the red savages had used it in traveling to and from the plains, or certain hunting grounds; or, indeed, it may have been at some time the most direct road between two friendly Indian villages.

It was early morning, and traveling the deeply worn path, and at a steady walk too, was a single red skin. He was striped to his breechclut, eagle feather, and moccasins. There was a hatchet and knife in his belt, and he carried a muzzle-loading rifle, powder horn, and bullet pouch. And as he ran he scanned the path ahead, and the openings in the forest, with swift but particular care.

He came down to the creek and there halted, looking swiftly up and down the waterway and across to the farther bank. It was too wide a stream to be leaped, but not too deep to be waded easily. There was no path opening directly opposite the spot where the red skin stood.

Now the end of the runway was so packed by the pressure of many many feet and the action of the water in heavy rains that the Indian's moccasins left no mark in it. Any man coming this way would never have known that the red man had passed.

But as he stepped down into the stream, or stepped out of it, the Indian man, he was very likely to leave some trace that would easily be read by an enemy, either red or white.

"It was because of this that the lone Indian gave the greatest care to his subsequent movements.

The bank of the creek was rather high and steep, for this was not the season of floods. There was no projecting rock or boulder upon this side of the creek.

Therefore the Indian was forced to step down upon the immediate shore of the stream before entering the water. There was no escaping this. If he leaped into the water from the top of the bank where the runway ended, he would be likely to so disturb the gravel and sand beneath the water that the first person passing this way would read the trace of his passing as plain as print.

A few yards back from the water the red had passed a huge birch tree, the bark of which hung from the trunk like the rags of a beggar. He stepped swiftly to this place and loosened from the tree a broad strip. This he carried to the bank of the creek and dropped carefully upon the sandy shore, then stepped so lightly upon it, and thence into the water, that he left no indentation on the sand.

When he picked up the sheet of bark the mark of it was so indefinite that it would scarcely attract a passing glance even from a red trail hunter. The lone Ute—for he belonged to that mountain tribe—waded carefully down the stream for several rods, gradually crossing it from right to left. And he neither left a print of foot in the bed of the stream or roiled the water at all.

For he stepped upon the rocks that here and there peeped their heads through the gravel and sand that otherwise made up the creek's bed.

At length he came to a great flat rock that projected from the farther side of the stream. Back of that rock lay a bit of hard ground, as the redskin could see—the beginning of a steep hillside, indeed. The ground on that side of the creek was, for some distance, much steeper and rougher than the hillside down which the red had just descended by the ancient path.

Eagerly the brave moved toward this flat boulder which lay with its top just out of the water. So eager was he that he made a single misstep. He put his right foot on a slippery stone, and, as he bore his full weight upon it, the stone turned and the foot slipped.

He threw out his empty left hand and caught a frond of green leaves and twigs that overhung the brook. It was quite an involuntary motion, but natural enough in the circumstances. He recovered his balance almost instantly; but the broken twigs and green leaves had slipped through his hand and were now drifting down the current.

It was a small thing, yet it plainly troubled the mind of the red man. He had voluntarily set the sheet of bark afloat when he was done with it; but there was more of such flotsam in the stream and it did not matter. But the red looked anxiously after the freshly torn leaves and broken twigs, muttering a charm in his own native tongue. Evidently he felt the mischance to be "bad medicine."

But he could not undo what he had already done. The greens bobbed quickly out of sight around the first bend in the creek, and the Indian stepped firmly out upon the flat rock. He was wet halfway to his thighs, and the mountain current was nearly ice cold despite the warmth of the day.

However, so inured was the savage to all temperatures that he did not even shiver, but did the "figure-eight," as called, stand upon his body. He stood for a few moments to let the water drain from his moccasins; then he started directly up the rough slope of the hill before him.

For an hour he climbed steadily. He had no path to guide him, but took probably the shortest line for the regular Sandeman Pass Trail.

At last he came out upon a wooded bluff, which fell away steeply for sixty feet or more, and there the well-defined trail lay at the foot of this bluff. He could catch glimpses of the trail to the eastward for half a mile and more.

He lay down, drew from a buckled pouch some parched maize, and ate this instead of a hearty breakfast. He evidently could not light a fire and cook some venison, for the forest was well stocked with small creatures, and he had no camp fire.

He was on the watch; it was his duty to keep eyes wherever came over the western trail below. He had been told



back, in fact, by the raiding band that had jumped the emigrant train and carried off a female prisoner, to see if there was any pursuit by the Sandeman Trail.

For their village lay beyond the pass in the western valley. They had heard in a roundabout way that a force of soldiers was to be sent into the hills from Fort Prevost, and it was the reds' desire to keep tabs on any such movement against their freedom of action.

If the soldiers were merely "walk-a-heaps" the redskins did not care; but the pony soldiers they feared, and—above all—they feared some of the scouting parties made up of old Indian fighters who knew best how to strike terror to the very souls of the red bucks.

It was, therefore, a very much excited redskin that suddenly beheld on the trail, and coming from the east, a cavalcade of three white men.

They were old Nick Nomad, the baron, and Grizzly Dan, who, since the previous day, had got this far on their journey to the Sandeman Pass. They had seen no signs of Indians, and were jogging along easily, Grizzly Dan ahead on his shaggy pony, expecting to meet Buffalo Bill and his party—or find signs of them—at the mouth of the pass before evening.

Their appearance, and the fact that there seemed to be but three of the mounted white men, gave the red in hiding a great deal of satisfaction. He cowered closer to the earth, examined his rifle, recapped it, and made preparation indeed to give the trio on the trail below a hot reception when they should come near enough for his ancient firearm to do execution.

He had selected a sheltered place in which he lay easily and perfectly hidden from the trail below. All he had to do was to lift his head and shoulders, sight along the barrel of the rifle, and pull the trigger. At a certain spot in the trail the leading white man would be sure to come into range, and with ordinary good fortune the redskin would shoot him and be utterly unseen himself by the other members of the trio.

It looked very much as though Grizzly Dan, the half-mad hermit of the mountains, was elected for sudden transportation from this world to the next.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A GAME OF TAG.

Buffalo Bill and his two pals, Major Lillie and Bill Hickok, had followed closely the pony tracks of the party of Utes that had struck the wagon train and then run off with the white woman. It was plain that there were more Indians than horses, and therefore the party of reds had moved slowly. The scouts hoped at first that despite the reds' long start, the war party might be overtaken before they got into the cañon and so crossed into the valleys beyond the high backbone of the Rockies.

Nor did the reds travel in a very straight line toward the Sandeman Pass. There was good reason for that. The country was so rough that the stock they had stolen could not be taken but by many detours.

Realizing this, the Bills might have used short cuts now and then; but Cody thought it best not to do so.

"The scamps might have left one or two, or even more, of their number to watch the trail. We want to know this—capture the spies, if possible; so we will stick to the track," he said.

"They will be more likely to get into the cañon ahead of us, then," said Pawnee Bill. "Did you think of that possibility, necarnis?"

"I most certainly did. And it is what we want them to do."

"Get into the cañon ahead of us?" cried Wild Bill.

"That's it."

"But why?" demanded the Laramie man.

"I want every one of these scoundrelly Utes to be chased back beyond the range," declared the famous scout sharply. "I want them to be collected in their villages when Major Pringle gets on the field. And for their murderous work along the trails I want to see them severely punished by the soldiery."

"On-she-ma-da!" ejaculated Pawnee Bill. "Ain't you just right, necarnis!"

"All right. I'd be glad to see 'em wiped out—the whole tribe," grunted Wild Bill Hickok.

"They have got to be rounded up and taught their place," declared Buffalo Bill sternly. "They have really less to complain of than most tribes. They have been let alone, and if their hunting grounds are being curtailed they still have much territory over which they can roam in freedom. They must be taught a lesson—and through them the entire Ute nation."

"I reckoned they weren't near so bloodthirsty as the Sioux," said the Laramie man.

"All reds are bloodthirsty—if they dare to be. That is, when their temper is riled," declared Major Lillie.

"You are correct, Gordon," agreed the chief scout. "But these Utes have been kept in leash by such men as Colorow and Chief Joseph. They will break out in this way now and then; and this is one of the times when I hope they will be punished in a way that will make them behave for a long time to come."

"Emigrants are sure coming into these valleys, and the reds have got to behave themselves, or move on where they won't be so comfortable."

"And yet, old son, you wouldn't stand to have the reds chased out of the Rosebud reservation," chuckled Major Lillie.

"Nor would you!" cried Buffalo Bill quickly. "The redskins were on their rights there."

"Shades of Unk-tee-hee! That is so, Pa-e-has-ka," admitted Pawnee Bill.

As we have seen, the distance to Sandeman Pass was considerable, the way very rough, and it was morning of the second day after parting from Grizzly Dan that the three Bills came to a creek that Buffalo Bill knew flowed past and within a few miles of the mouth of the cañon in which he believed the war party of Utes had taken refuge.

It was not yet mid-forenoon when the three scouts came to the brookside. The trail of the ponies was plain enough here. It ascended through a deep ravine on the western side of the stream and turned north.

"We're mighty near Sandeman Pass," stated Buffalo Bill to his cronies.

"Then we want to keep our peepers skinned, by gorry!" exclaimed Hickok.

Pawnee Bill refrained from speaking, but as Hickok was about to let his horse descend the bank into the ford to drink the bowie man waved him back.

"Hello! What's up, Pawtee?" demanded the Laramie man.

Buffalo Bill looked at his friend with curiosity, too. The major was staring upstream, and his countenance was slowly flushing with excitement. Buffalo Bill knew that his friend was seriously moved, but at the moment he did not know why. The impatient Hickok demanded:

"What's eatin' of you, Lillie? Yer p'inting like a setter pup."

"Sh!" breathed the bowie man, holding up his hand again. Then he pointed quickly. "See that stuff in the current, necarnis? What do you say?"

Instantly the sharp eyes of Buffalo Bill had descried that which had startled his friend. Floating upon the swift current were freshly broken twigs and a big handful of green leaves. There was other flotsam—bark and dead leaves and the like; but this stuff had been torn from some overhanging tree within a few moments.

Now, the leaves were not of a character to attract any browsing animal, and they could not have been torn from the parent stem by any beast of the forest. Man's work—man's hand! That was the fact that had startled Pawnee Bill and now held the chief scout's attention.

"Back from the water, boys, and tie your horses!" said Buffalo Bill in a low voice, and immediately alighted from his own steed.

Even Hickok stopped asking questions when he saw those floating leaves and twigs. He knew without being told that somebody had either crossed the creek not far above this spot, or had stood upon the bank and cast the broken twigs into the current.

No person, either red or white, would likely do such a thing purposely. In the wilds travelers are very careful



about attracting attention to themselves. This was a sign that could not be overlooked or passed by unexamined.

The three friends quickly hid their steeds in a thicket and tied them. Then, relieved of their rifles, but with pistols and knives in belt, they came back to the edge of the water.

No more greens floated down; but Buffalo Bill signed the others to follow, and he stepped into the stream.

As the water was shallow near the bank, and at the moment they were not desirous of hiding their own trail, the three did not need to go over their boot tops.

The main reason for Buffalo Bill leading the way upstream was because he wished to learn if there was a ford above by which the Indians could execute a flank movement—and perhaps fool their pursuers.

With every sense alert, and wading so carefully that they made absolutely no sound, the three white men progressed at a satisfactory pace up the stream. They roiled the water enough, and left footprints in the sand and gravel; but they were not fugitives. They did not care for the moment, believing that all the reds were ahead of them. Unless, of course, the person who had thrown the leaves into the stream were an Indian.

They waded on, rod after rod, turned innumerable bends, but all the time approaching—as they very well knew—the wagon trail which led up to Sandeman Pass.

Suddenly Buffalo Bill, who was in the lead, halted beside a broad, flat-topped rock on the right-hand side of the stream and thrust some distance into it. It was a perfectly dry rock on top, kind of a sandstone, and there were peculiar marks or veins across it.

"What's the matter?" whispered Hickok from the rear. "Them are fancy marks—"

"By the holy poker!" exclaimed Pawnee Bill under his breath—for the chief scout had wet his hand and begun to wipe the marks on the stone from sight.

"By gorry!" ejaculated Wild Bill. "What does it mean?"

"Somebody got out of the water here, and these lines were made by the muddy water running off his carcass," said Buffalo Bill, with confidence. "Yes! See that broken branch yonder? That was where the leaves and twigs were torn from the branch and fell into the stream."

"Red or white?" demanded Pawnee Bill.

"That's the question. Most likely red. Most likely one of the Utes, nosing about here to see if the land is being trailed by anybody," returned Buffalo Bill wisely.

"Which way did he go, d'ye think, pard?" asked Wild Bill quickly.

"He left the stream here, it seems. We have seen no signs of him below; therefore it is pretty safe to figure that he came downstream. Come on!"

Buffalo Bill stepped upon the flat rock himself and so gained the bank. The steep hillside was right before them. He scrutinized the hard earth directly above the rock and quickly found marks which told him a man had climbed the bank.

Here a stone was overturned; there an exposed root was lately pulled farther out of the earth. His friends saw that these marks told but one story, and all three of them started up the hill.

They had gone but a short distance when they stopped as by common consent, halted by the same sound. Somewhere above—and it sounded very distant—the report of a gun echoed thinly down the forest glades.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

The baron and the two woodsmen were traveling the Sandeman Trail rather carelessly, if the truth were to be told.

Old Nomad was not one to be unwary; and Grizzly Dan was usually as suspicious as an old maid in a strange hotel at night. But after leaving the wagon camp they had not seen a sign of Indians, and their march to the spot where they expected to meet Buffalo Bill perhaps made them careless.

But, as they walked about them—and much to the nervous apprehension of Hofer and Hide Rack—was that pet of Grizzly Dan that the hermit declared could smell an Indian for half a mile.

That statement might or might not be true; perhaps John Grizzly would have smelled out the spy had the latter been down beside the trail. The first announcement that the party had of the presence of an enemy, however, was when, on rounding a clump of brush, Grizzly Dan's cap suddenly was torn from his head and a hot bullet scorched his ear, but did him no other damage.

The report sounded instantly, and a puff of smoke at the brink of the bluff showed where the enemy was hid. All three saw the spot, and all three backed their mounts into the chaparral, out of sight.

"They're ready for us, by gum!" cried Dan.

"This yere ain't no ambush," said Nomad quickly. "Thar's jest one of th' red scamps, proberbly. Now he may run an' tell the others we're comin'—"

"Not so likely," grunted the hermit. "Ef he was jest spyin' on us he'd kep' still an' th' hull crowd would ha' fell on us."

"Thet might be," admitted Nomad.

"This yere is some fresh buck wot's started out ter make a name fer himself—"

He was interrupted by the explosion of the baron's rifle. The baron had not said a word, but he had been watching. He had seen an eagle feather appear above a fringe of brush on the top of the bluff. He knew that an Indian's head was just under that feather, and he had whanged away at a point just below it.

The feather disappeared, but undoubtedly the baron's bullet was wasted.

"Py shiminy Christmas!" croaked the baron. "Ef dot chumb of a Inchun monkeys mit lookin' down here again vonce, I vill punctuate him mit a pullet—su-ah!"

"Keep quiet, you Dutch emigrant!" snarled Grizzly Dan. "Want ter drive him out o' thar?"

"Vale, undt vy nod?" gasped the hapless German.

"Because we want to catch him, of course. If you drive him away, ye 'tarnal fool, we won't know who he is, nor who he's workin' for."

The baron subsided. Said Nomad:

"What's yer plan, old buck?"

"You leave it ter me," growled Grizzly Dan. "You an' th' furriner stay yere an' watch that he don't come down th' bluff. Me an' John will go up an' drive him out o' cover—ye bet!"

"I'll improve on that thar, Dan," said Nomad. "I'll sneak erlong yere an' git betwixt him an' th' cañon. Then I'll come up th' bluff, too, an' if he gits erway from both of us he'll haf ter do it by flyin'—an' at that, th' baron is a purty good shot on th' wing."

"I will do it," declared the baron, with confidence. "Ef dot Inchun shows himselluf de bluff ofer, I vill spob him on de tobnod alretty!"

The two old woodsmen departed through the underbrush, leaving their mounts in the baron's care. He never lost sight of the spot where the eagle feather had once appeared, but whether the spy remained there or not he did not know.

Old Nomad skirted the trail, there being good cover for a quarter of a mile, and so reached a place at last where he dared start to climb up the face of the rough hill. He was then much beyond the spot from which the Indian had fired at Grizzly Dan.

The latter, meanwhile, plunged into the brush likewise and was quickly joined by the half-grown grizzly which had easily kept up with the scouts in their leisurely journey along the trail.

The hermit talked to the beast as though he were a familiar spirit, and, whether John understood him or not, he acted as though he did. He scrambled up the hill after the man, snuffing at his heels and occasionally growling. But Grizzly Dan stopped that very soon.

"Wing! Shut up, you!" he commanded, and smacked the beast over the nose with the butt of his pistol.

The bear retired to a safer distance, but refrained from vocal observations thereafter. He did not let Grizzly Dan get out of his sight, however.

The half-mad hermit came to the top of the hill long before Nomad got there. And he waited for no assistance from anybody. Making his way as soft-footed as a cat through the forest, he came upon the Indian's position from the rear.



Meanwhile the disappointed redskin had lain very quietly after the baron had expended a single bullet on him. The red knew he had failed in his attempt to shoot the leading white man. Indeed, he had recognized that leading white at the moment he was pressing the trigger of his rifle—and the shock the discovery gave him undoubtedly explained his bad shot, for the distance was not great.

The Indians who knew Grizzly Dan at all believed him to be "touched by the finger of the Great Spirit," and they likewise believed him to bear a charmed life.

Indians are very superstitious about those who are insane or deaf and dumb. They believe that the spirits have marked such for their own and that no man should interfere with such unfortunates.

In Grizzly Dan's case, too, the reds feared him as they feared the devil.

They had seen the hermit run amuck against a score of reds and strike down several without being harmed himself. The fact that he trained the ferocious grizzly of the mountains to come at his beck and call was another thing that proved to the redskins that Grizzly Dan was superhuman.

And now the spy lay cowering on the top of the bluff, muttering charms against the power of the being whom he had inadvertently shot at. All the while the hermit was creeping on the red from the rear.

It was no sound that Grizzly Dan or his brute companion made, but some slight noise of Nomad's that finally startled the redskin. He rose up and tried to peer down the hill in the direction from which Nomad was coming.

Instantly the baron, watchful as he sat his mule in the covert below, spat another bullet from his rifle, and this time the lead scorched the red man's cheek.

He leaped back with a yell. Instantly there was an answering shout from Grizzly Dan, who heaved up his grizzly from the brush and made at the redskin as though to charge him in his hand.

If the red had reloaded his rifle, he did not stop to use it. Recognizing the madman, he flung away his gun and tried to dodge his antagonist. Dan was not quite quick enough, and he gripped his pistol and fired. The ball entered the red's shoulder and he screeched again.

But he did not stop running. Flung away from, instead of toward, the edge of the bluff, he tried to retrace his steps toward the creek. But just then Nomad came over the brow of the hill from the trail and took a pot shot at the running redskin.

Although the bullet missed him, the scoundrel turned farther from the brink of the hill; and as he plunged down the longer, easier slope there came suddenly a shout from almost in his front.

It was the well-known war cry of Buffalo Bill, the famous scout. Mixed with it was the eerie yell of Pawnee Bill—Kah-ah-King-ah of the Pawnee—and the shout of Wild Bill Hickok.

Grizzly Dan recognized these calls and raised his own war cry. Grizzly Dan was a scout, but he was also a hunter, and the redskin at the lower corner of the bluff was his prey.

Down the hill the red plunged, running wildly through the brush, leaping logs and rocks, recking neither his own limb in his mad attempt to escape the determined white man.

He was a big fellow, the animal well; but he was not a hunter. Grizzly Dan, who had spent the time of his years traveling through the mountains, had seen many a red man that of the Indian's own red, although the red was so great, the red was leaped by his animal shoulder.

Grizzly Dan was a hunter, and he was a scout, but the trees were too thick for him to risk another shot. Suddenly he turned and ran out into the clearer ground and take after the already terrified redskin.

"Whup! Whup, thar! Git him, boy!"

His quick legs took him right sight of the shambling figure of the red in the underbrush. His shout spurred the bear to run out into the clearer ground and take after the already terrified redskin.

The latter threw one swift glance over his shoulder, and then he was gone, and the red was lost.

Indeed the redskin was lost. It was a downhill

race, and the bear with his short forelegs was at a little distance; but the red was already breathing heavily, and his swinging, useless arm interfered much with his running.

Besides, through the more open forest on his right hand the Indian saw Buffalo Bill and his two comrades appear. They were hedging him in from that direction.

The hunted fugitive swerved more to the left, and suddenly came out upon the open verge of a pit—a pit perhaps an eighth of an acre in area and with sheer sides.

Two or three huge trees grew in the pit, which was some forty feet deep, and its bottom mostly rock-covered. The Indian, seeing the bear almost upon him, and unable to run farther, made a most desperate attempt to escape instant death.

He leaped for the nearest branch of the nearest tree growing in the sink. He missed this, but, slipping through the leaves, got a grip on the branch below and hung there.

Old Grizzly Dan, coming to the edge of the pit, yelled excitedly to John, the bear:

"Whup, thar! After him, John!"

With a frightful growl, the beast hurled himself into the pit. The branches he first struck would not hold the grizzly's great weight; but, as he slumped through them, he caught on other and larger limbs, and so, bumping from course to course of the branches, finally dropped safely to the ground, where he held down upon the bear, shaken from his previous hold by the bear's descent through the tree, fell the wounded Indian!

## CHAPTER XI.

### PAWNEE BILL'S ATTEMPT.

While Grizzly Dan was ghost dancing on the edge of the pit and yelling to his pet grizzly, Buffalo Bill and his comrades, including old Nomad, rushed down to the verge of the sink, too.

The place was a revelation to them all. Even Nomad had not known of such an odd formation in the hills.

Before the wounded Indian had slipped through the broken tree branches and landed upon the bear's back the four scouts had seen and appreciated the "layout" of this pit.

It looked at once as though the redskin was trapped. The red leaped, with a shriek, from the bear's carcass and climbed a boulder near the center of the pit. And before the brute could follow him there was a quite unexpected occurrence.

Out of the den at the foot of the sheer wall below the position of the scout and his friends appeared another bear—a beast vastly larger than John. He uttered a challenging roar and lumbered toward the newcomer in the pit. John was forced to leave the scrambling redskin and give his attention to this new antagonist.

For the bigger brute meant business. A trespasser upon his preserves was not welcome, and it very soon appeared why this was so.

"By gorry! He's got a regular harem thar!" cried Wild Bill.

Out of the cave behind the challenging male appeared two well-grown female grizzlies. They waddled forth, evidently with the expectation of seeing their lord and master "do up" the interloper.

"By the sacred O-zu-ha!" ejaculated Pawnee Bill. "And not a rifle among us! Pistol balls would only tickle those babies."

"Whup!" shouted Grizzly Dan. "Doncher shoot them critters. Let 'em fight it out."

"What's the law on this yere?" demanded Wild Bill, eyeing Dan suspiciously. "This pit ain't so strong for us, is it?"

The bear's head moved one of his fearful eyes and he looked at the redskin.

"The redskin kin wait thar till them bears sees which is th' better; then th' victor will polish off Mr. Injun at his leisure."

"Oh, by thunder, necarnis! I can't see that—even to a redskin!" exclaimed Pawnee Bill.

"You know all about this place, Dan?" asked Buffalo Bill sternly.

"I ought ter. I found the tunnel wot leads inter thet



thar pit," declared the hermit proudly. "I stoppered up th' fur eend of it. Them b'ars has ter stay thar—an' wot they gits ter eat mostly falls down the rocks to 'em, like thet Injun did!" And he began to cackle again.

Just then the two male grizzlies came together with a roar that shook the atmosphere and echoed again and again among the rocks. It was a fierce fight for a minute.

Then John got a bat across the neck and face that seemed to spell "enough" for him. He swung away from the other angry brute and lumbered around to the other side of the rock on which was perched the redskin.

He paid no attention to the redskin for the moment, however. For the first time John seemed to descry the female bears. He had not known that there were "ladies present."

John shuffled forward and nosed the nearest female amicably. She evidently returned his sudden friendship, and they were nose to nose when the outraged boss of the pit saw them and charged into the tête-à-tête.

With one ferocious blow he knocked the lady end for end; and then, roaring like the escape valve of a locomotive, he plunged into John's arms. Heretofore the half-tamed grizzly had not put his heart into the fight. But he evidently went in now with chivalrous feelings and some degree of temper.

He hugged the larger bear in a way to crack his ribs; and then, when they "went to the carpet" together, John slipped out of the other's embrace and dealt him several raking blows that slit his antagonist's hide along his face, and neck and made the blood flow rapidly.

And John came within an ace of fastening his teeth in the throat of the bigger brute. The latter backed away, whined a bit, and then, roaring and frothing at the mouth, pitched into the younger bear again.

But John's youth and vigor told. The weight of the other beast did not count when once the younger animal was fully aroused.

From the edge of the pit Grizzly Dan whooped his pet to victory. It was a sight, too, to hold the breathless attention of the other four white men on the rocky heights.

John belabored his enemy all around the pit, and the two females seemed to take delight in seeing their old boss put out of the ring at last. Especially did the young female who had gotten her ears boxed seem to enjoy the punishment meted out to the bigger bear.

John had him on the run. Their roarings echoed and reechoed in the cup of the mountains. No arena battle ever held the attention of an audience more closely.

Back and forth the huge bears raged, biting, snarling, striking at each other with terrific earnestness. Blood-maddened, nothing but the death of one or the other could end the battle.

And then what would befall the redskin, crouched like a frog on a lily pad at the top of the small boulder on which he had taken refuge at the beginning of the fight?

Some of the whites had time to give the red not only a look, but a thought.

He was a young brave. He could not have been much older than Little Cayuse. He was already wounded, and his left arm hung useless at his side, although he had plugged the bullet hole with something and so stopped the blood from flowing.

He watched the battle between the bears with a keener interest than the white men, for it looked as though when the fight was decided the winner would turn his attention immediately to the single human being in reach.

"That red is going to have the time of his life in a few minutes, necarnis," whispered Pawnee Bill to his friend. "Poor devil!"

"I believe you, Gordon. This crazy fellow and his bears have certainly brought the Ute to a bad pass."

"I'm not feeling like watching the red torn limb from limb—and that's what will happen," repeated Pawnee Bill in the same low voice.

"The best we can do is to shoot him," muttered Buffalo Bill.

"What! The red?"

"We can't kill the bears very well with these popguns," returned Buffalo Bill.

"On-she-ma-da!" ejaculated Pawnee. "The red made a good bet for his life. It's a blamed shame to——"

"You getting tender-hearted about an Indian, Lillie?" queried Buffalo Bill.

"But in this case, necarnis, he might be worth more to us alive than dead—like that fellow we chased the other day. If we could get one of these Utes to talking——"

"I agree with you, Gordon," exclaimed Buffalo Bill quickly. "He ought to be captured alive. But how?"

"Come this way, Pard Cody," said the bowie man, and started along the edge of the wall on which they stood.

The others were so interested in what went on below that they did not notice the departure of the two friends.

Pawnee Bill's sharp eyes had been scrutinizing the surroundings more particularly than they had the gory battle in the pit. Now he showed his comrade the limb of another tree in reach, the roots of which were in the bottom of the pit.

"I can swing over there, necarnis, climb down to that lower, longer limb, and my weight will swing that lower limb out over the redskin's head. D'ye see it, pard?"

"It's a dangerous undertaking, Lillie. I don't believe I can approve," said Buffalo Bill slowly.

"But you agree with me that the red ought to be saved?"

"Great heavens, yes! I wouldn't want to see him mangled by the bears. I'd shoot him myself first," declared Buffalo Bill.

"But he might be worth more to us alive."

"Which is true enough, Gordon."

"Then I'm going to make a dab at it," said Pawnee Bill cheerfully.

"I wouldn't, Gordon."

"You don't forbid, necarnis?" returned the other quietly, for he was under the older scout's command and was willing to obey his superior officer.

"I do not forbid it, major. And if you go into that tree I go with you."

"On-she-ma-da! I didn't intend to rope you into such doings, necarnis."

"Well, I'll stand by and give you a hand if you chance to need it," declared Buffalo Bill firmly.

"Then here goes!" exclaimed the bowie man; and the next instant he swung out into the tree.

Beneath him the bears were roaring and battling like gladiators in the ring. Nomad and Wild Bill uttered surprised yells and ran toward the spot. But before they reached the tree Buffalo Bill was likewise in it and was climbing down after his friend.

"By mighty!" yelled the old trapper. "Wot aire ye boys tryin' ter do?"

"Pawnee's going to try and save the red," returned Buffalo Bill calmly. "Remain where you are."

"By gorry! You've got to do it quick, then," declared Wild Bill. "For there goes the old-man bear!"

He was right. At that instant the younger grizzly jumped in, bore his antagonist to the ground, and sank his teeth in the throat of the larger animal.

The latter was already done for. The muzzle of his enemy, tearing at his windpipe and arteries, settled the whole matter in ten seconds.

The huge brute, bedabbled in its own and its enemy's blood, rolled over, dead. John, roaring a psalm of victory, rose up and shook the blood from his muzzle.

His wicked red eyes caught sight of the Indian atop the boulder not five yards away. Instantly he lumbered across to the rock, rose up on his hind legs again, and made a pass at the poor, shivering Ute that came within an ace of reaching him!

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE GIANT SWING.

"Whup—yah!" yelled Grizzly Dan, crow hopping like a drunken Sioux. "Ketch holt on him, John!"

It was likely now that John, the grizzly, was not paying the least attention to his old master, for he had got beyond Dan's control. He was, in fact, his own man, and bent only upon showing the wives that he had secured in single combat that he was "heap big Injun!"

But Dan's yell made Pawnee Bill so mad that had he not discarded his pistols when he leaped into the tree he would have been tempted to take a shot at him.

"Hear that old son of a gun!" he grunted to Buffalo



Bill. "Just as we are going to— Ah! Look, necarnis! That beast will have the poor devil in a second or two!"

Pawnee Bill flung himself onto the branch which sprouted from the bole of the tree just about where Buffalo Bill stood. It was a long and drooping branch, and the weight of the bowie man bent it so that the end fronds almost swept the bottom of the pit. At least, a man standing on a boulder like that the redskin had mounted could have reached the end of the limb.

But unfortunately in bearing down the limb Pawnee Bill brought it away from the redskin instead of toward him. And, although the black eyes of the Ute saw the help that the white man was offering him, he could not avail himself of it.

It was a tantalizing situation. Aye, it was tragic.

In a moment the growling grizzly darted around the rock and stood up again to strike the redskin from his perch. But the latter jumped to the other side of the narrow platform of rock on which he had sought refuge.

Had the Ute not been deprived of the use of one arm he might have essayed the climbing of one of the trees during the battle between the male bears. But now such an attempt would have been thwarted; for the females, after nosing the dead bear, lumbered over to the boulder and took part in this interesting game John had inaugurated.

The red was barely holding his own against the young and ferocious grizzly. Every time the bear leaped to a new place the red had to do the same.

It was not a stone that John could easily climb up on, and he could not sweep his great paw, armed with its saberlike claws, across it.

But now, the females coming to his help, they had the redskin in the center of a triangle where he hopped for a minute like a hen on a hot griddle in a final attempt to keep out of their clutches.

Had the three bears worked in concert they would have had the redskin instantly; but they swung their paws with more vigor than good sense at first.

One of the females, however, left her marks upon the red's hide—a series of scratches across one calf that made it look as though the Indian were sporting striped hose.

This devil's dance could keep up but a moment longer. All the spectators realized it. Even Grizzly Dan kept his mouth shut while he watched.

Pawnee Bill complained steadily at his failure. But an idea came to him, and, yelling in triumph, he swung lower on the branch, and then, kicking his heels against another limb, gave to the drooping branch a swinging motion.

And when he kicked himself farther out from the tree bole. The giant swing might be brought to a point within reach of the imperiled savage.

At least the thing was worth trying. Pawnee kicked again and again, and the limb swung farther and farther toward the boulder. The Ute flashed a look upward and seemed to measure the distance between him and the descending branch.

Pawnee Bill shifted his position slightly toward the outer end of the branch. His friend above suddenly yelled:

"Have a care, Gordon! The branch is giving!"

"That's what I want it to do, necarnis," panted the bowie man.

"But it's splitting at the trunk—it's splitting off the trunk, man!" cried Buffalo Bill, with sudden terror. "Drop off now, that other limb—quick!"

There was yet opportunity for Pawnee Bill to have done this. But it would have left the Ute at the mercy of the grizzlies.

Relieved of Pawnee's weight, the breaking limb would have sprung up entirely out of the reach of the redskin. For one more swing across and the red could grip the boulder.

Pawnee paid no attention to the warning. He kicked his heels against the limb behind him and swung out over the bear pit—and over the boulder on which the Ute stood.

Buffalo Bill was not ill when he had started his head of the red grizzly. The limb was swinging down like a hammer, and the white man showed no sign of alarm.

The scout leaped to the place, unbuckling the stout leather belt he wore while in mid-flight. In a flash he had the belt encircling the tree trunk just beneath the limb that was tearing away from the parent stem.

He drew the belt taut and buckled it. It was a tight band around the tree and the limb together—and it kept the limb for the moment from splitting farther.

As he accomplished this a great shout rose from the watchers on the cliff above. With a swish the limb swung back, drooping lower than before. A disappointed roar echoed the shouts of the men.

Just as the grizzlies were about to seize their prey the Ute had leaped upward and secured a one-hand hold upon the tough branch that Pawnee Bill had swung within his grasp!

Back the branch swung, and in another moment the redskin might have slid off the branch into the pit again; but the bowie man swarmed down a foot or two farther and grabbed the Ute by his braids of black hair.

"Got him!" yelled the bowie man. "Give us a hand, necarnis!"

Before he shouted, Cody was swinging himself down from limb to limb. In half a minute he was within reach and grabbed his friend off the breaking limb. The Ute came with him, and all three, breathless and the sweat pouring down their limbs, clung to the bole of the tree as the broken branch slowly fell into the pit and turned over.

The butt of the limb spanked one of the grizzlies smartly on the rump as the three startled animals darted for cover.

"Haleluyer!" shrieked Nomad, fairly jumping up and down on the edge of the pit. "Buffler an' Pawnee Bill forever!"

"By gorry!" chimed in Wild Bill. "That was the greatest ever! Whoop! Yi, yi!"

But Grizzly Dan had no praise for the feat just performed. He glared at the wounded redskin as Buffalo Bill and his comrade passed him up the tree, and fingered the pistol at his belt suggestively.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A GRATEFUL REDSKIN.

The two scouts handed the redskin across to the edge of the pit, and Nomad and Wild Bill caught him. If the Ute had any idea of running away again he could not do so, for he lopped down upon the ground, quite helpless.

The blood was still running from the gashes in his leg where the bear's claws had caught him, his wounded shoulder doubtless pained him greatly, and he had too recently escaped the jaws of death to make any play toward beating the white men.

Nomad went to work on him at once. The old trapper never traveled without what Wild Bill called his "surgical case." But many of these backwoodsmen were natural healers and skillful beyond understanding.

The red's leg on the left was a mere matter of cleaning, dressing, and bandaging. Nomad's fingers were alive, and he was a good doctor. But the bullet wound was another and more serious matter.

The red had placed the hole with a greasy bit of rag. That is, he had put his fingers in the wound. The trapper had Wild Bill cut a short length of straight twig with a pitch to it, and this pitch the Laramie man skillfully packed out, making a hollow tube, smooth and clean.

There was no need to probe for the ball; Nomad would feel it under the skin on the back of the red's shoulder. He drew out his jack-knife, which he kept always in a ready place, and with one flick of the blade cut into the red's flesh.

Filling his mouth with water which Pawnee Bill brought, the trapper's fingers pressed it into the wound through the hollow tube, drawing the flesh of any foreign matter, including small bits of bone that had followed the bullet through the back of the shoulder. A bone had doubtless been shattered, although there was no fracture.

Then the water was spread on the wound and around it, and the red's left arm bent tightly to his side. If he could keep the wound and joint quiet there was a good chance of the shoulder healing in a few weeks.



All this time Grizzly Dan, squatting on the ground, watched the proceedings with vast disapproval.

"All thet thar foolishness fer a pesky redskin!" he grunted. "I'd let th' b'ars have him."

"But I want him myself," said Buffalo Bill sternly. "And I don't propose that he shall be molested."

"Er-waugh!" grunted Nomad. "Now ye got orders, Dan. Keep yer han's off."

The hermit and Nomad went away soon after to find the baron, and the three Bills started to get their own mounts below by the creek and took the prisoner with them.

The Ute was named Fire in Sky, and after his wounds had been dressed and he found that the white men meant him no immediate harm, at least, he was willing to talk freely.

He evidently knew who the white men were, for the fame of Pa-e-has-ka had gone abroad among the Utes since the time when Oak Heart was their war chief and White Antelope was the princess of the tribe.

"Pa-e-has-ka was once the Utes' friend," said Fire in Sky, when he was questioned by the scout. "He has saved the life of Fire in Sky this day. And Pa-e-has-ka's friend, Kulux-Kittybux, is brother to Fire in Sky. I may not be traitor to my own people, as Pa-e-has-ka knows; but some things I may tell."

"All right, Fire in Sky," said Buffalo Bill. "First tell me why and how your people came to strike the innocent white men and their squaws on the Lone Tree Gap Trail three days ago."

"The men with the long wagons were in the Utes' hunting country," said the Indian.

"But they were only passing through. Surely they would have done no harm. Game is plentiful."

"But where one company come another will follow. It is a warning."

"Fire in Sky very well knows," said Buffalo Bill warmly, "that it will bring trouble on his people. The white soldiers will be sent against the Utes for this."

"The Utes have heard that the white soldiers are already on the way to strike the villages beyond the mountains. Pa-e-has-ka comes first; then the pony soldiers and the walk-a-heaps."

"The Utes need have no fear if they have done no wrong," said Buffalo Bill sternly. "Who leads your people, Fire in Sky?"

"This was Flying Feather's band," explained the redskin. "We come out to hunt. Pa-e-has-ka knows well that the Utes are poor in ponies and cattle. They see those of the white men and covet them."

"An-pe-tu-we!" exclaimed Pawnee Bill, who was listening. "That's right, necarnis. Indians are born thieves, and they can't see something they haven't got but want, without their fingers itching."

"So the Utes attacked the wagon camp to get the ponies?" asked Cody.

"Pa-e-has-ka has said."

"But why, then, did they carry away the white squaw?" demanded the scout, with sudden sternness.

Fire in Sky seemed surprised that the white men should know this.

"It is the work of Flying Feather," he grumbled. "He would be a great chief. He has taken the white squaw for his own prize."

"If he harms her," said Buffalo Bill, with earnestness, "I will get Flying Feather's scalp—and I will kill all his relations, into the bargain. I have sworn it—I, Pa-e-has-ka."

The wounded Indian was impressed and looked very grave. Buffalo Bill continued:

"Why did Flying Feather send a runner to the south after striking the wagon train?"

"Swift Deer has gone to rouse the Ute villages there and bring warriors to the help of Flying Feather. Flying Feather will gather all the braves of the tribe that will."

"By that you mean the foolish young bucks like your—" said Buffalo Bill with scorn. "And you will all be killed by the soldiers from Fort Prevost."

"There will many braves come from the place of the wind," said Fire in Sky.

"There will not one come in time to help," said Buffalo

Bill quickly, "for Swift Deer has been overtaken and killed. The old man who tames bears has Swift Deer's scalp drying in his wigwam already."

This statement was surely a facer for the Indian. He shook his head and murmured a charm against Grizzly Dan's evil eye.

"The Utes will fail in their campaign against the white men," continued Buffalo Bill. "Flying Feather shall surely pay for the blood he has spilled. Fire in Sky has been punished enough already. If he gives his promise to Pa-e-has-ka and does not return to his people until the war is over, he shall go free."

The young brave considered this for some moments in silence, and then bowed his head in agreement.

"Fire in Sky is wounded. He could not help his people now. He will promise," he said.

Buffalo Bill had paroled many a redskin heretofore, and knew that he could trust this one to do as he was told. Therefore, when the three horses were recovered he gave the redskin matches and a supply of their own food and left him in camp beside the creek with instructions to remain there for twenty-four hours before seeking to cross the range and join his people.

The three Bills then mounted and forced their horses into the creek. They did not cross it, but rode northward in the creek bed to meet Nomad, the baron, and Grizzly Dan at the wagon-trail crossing, about three miles above.

Without being told in so many words, Buffalo Bill knew that Flying Feather and his crew of cutthroats would linger somewhere in the cañon to ambush the pursuing party—if that party was not too large.

Cayuse would doubtless bring up Major Pringle's pony soldiers within twenty-four hours, for they were already well on the way to the junction of the Lone Tree Gap and Sandeman Pass trails.

Satisfied that the party of reds numbered scarcely more than twoscore braves, the border king knew that the soldiers could quickly overpower the reds and then go on and overawe the villages beyond the range.

But the scout feared for the safety of the white woman who had been carried off by Flying Feather's band. The wicked chief would doubtless kill the prisoner if he found that immediate flight was necessary.

Therefore Cody was determined on doing something before Major Pringle and the soldiers arrived. It was to decide upon what this action should be that the scout called a council of war as soon as he and his two companions joined forces with their other three friends at the wagon trail.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE NIGHT ADVANCE.

Grizzly Dan was inclined to grumble over the fact that Fire in Sky had been allowed to go free.

"You're a bloodthirsty ole villain, Dan!" declared Nomad. "Screechin' catamounts! Ain't ye got notches enough on yer gun ter satisfy ye?"

"I'll not be content till every red pagan is dead," growled the hermit. "He was my meat, thet feller was!"

"I have made more by letting him go than I would have made by scalping him," said Buffalo Bill grimly. "Understand that."

"I dunno as it's my business," said Grizzly Dan sullenly. "You an' me, Buffler, ain't got nothin' in common. I'll go my way, and yer kin go yours."

"No," said the scout patiently. "I want your help. The soldiers will want your help, too."

"Yah! Wot d' I keer erbout any fool campaign ye run agin' them Injuns? I kills 'em w'en I finds 'em. That suits me better."

"And that is exactly what you have got to stop, Dan!" cried the scout. "You would kill peaceful Indians as well as the renegades."

"And is that your business?" snarled the hermit.

"It happens to be. Half the Indian troubles are started by white men. And your promiscuous killing has perhaps helped start this row with the Utes."

The hermit was angry. He rose from the fireside and began cinching the saddle again upon his shaggy pony.

"You fellers kin fight yer own way—an' be derved ter ye!" he decided. "I ain't one o' yer scouts, Buffler Bill."



"But I want you to be one of them for this campaign," said the other patiently.

"Cut me out of et. I'm goin' back," declared Grizzly Dan.

"No, you're not, Dan," returned Buffalo Bill quietly.

"Who's goin' ter stop me?" roared the half-crazed hermit, very much excited.

"You are going to stop yourself, Dan," returned Buffalo Bill, without moving.

"Yah!"

"Don't say it so nasty," rejoined Pawnee Bill, laughing. "When old necarnis, here, says a thing is going to be, it is."

Dan, with his eyes glowing redly, stopped pulling the cinch of his saddle and glared at Buffalo Bill.

"I want you to notice, old man," said the scout, "that there are some things you can't do—and be a white man."

"Er-waugh!" cried old Nomad. "Ain't thet thar er fac'!"

"I'm white," growled Dan. "I may be queer, but I'm as white as you be—airy one o' ye."

"Then take off that saddle and come back here," said Buffalo Bill briskly. "No white man can leave a white woman in the hands of those red devils without making an attempt to rescue her."

"By gorry!" muttered Wild Bill, watching the hairy face of the hermit.

Nobody else spoke, and it was at least two minutes before the ferocious expression of Grizzly Dan's countenance changed to a milder one. Then he chucked the saddle on the ground again, came back to the fire, began to fill his pipe, and grunted:

"Well? Spit it out, Bill Cody. I reckon wot you say is true enough. If it's the white gal yer after, all well and good. Wot's yer plan?"

"Undt you vos showin' mooch sensiblenees adt lasdt," grunted the baron, blowing a great cloud of smoke from his own lips.

"Shut up, you Dutch emigrant!" exclaimed Grizzly Dan fiercely. "I ain't takin' no slack from you."

"Vor fy? Because I don't gif you no schlack alretty," returned the baron, quite calmly. "Idt iss a statemendt I make—yah."

Buffalo Bill began, to put a quick stop to further trouble:

"I want advice, and I want help. You can give me both, Dan. The reds, from what Fire in Sky told me, will probably be found in the cañon. They will be on the watch for pursuit, but they will expect that the pursuit will consist of troopers.

"The Utes will get few recruits before to-morrow morning. Of course, those Flying Feather expected from the south will not come at all, for Swift Deer has gone to the happy hunting grounds."

"Thar's one good Injun," grunted Dan.

"As you say. Well, we must find the Ute camp and strike suddenly and swiftly. We must throw the fear of the Great Spirit into them before they can know we are there. And we must get the woman away from them at the same moment, or they will surely cut her down."

"Er-waugh!" yelled old Nomad.

"Ye hit it right, Bill Cody," admitted Grizzly Dan.

"Now, give us your idea. What way would you go about carrying out this plan? We have got to find the camp, be unseen ourselves, and at the moment we strike make the play to save the prisoner."

"I see," said Dan thoughtfully. He pulled for some moments on his pipe, and finally observed:

"It is a sure an' sartin thing thet we've got ter do it ter-night. The Injuns has been in the cañon a day and a ha'f a'ready."

"Exactly," said Buffalo Bill.

"Thar's only six of us. Say! Thar ain't but five, fer one will hafter stay outside with th' hosses, an' ter meet the advance guard of the sogers."

"Correct," admitted Buffalo Bill again.

"Then it's five ter forty," declared Grizzly Dan.

"Those are the odds, I believe."

"And I ain't sayin' but thet one white man is ekal any eight red skunks," muttered old Nomad. "Er-waugh!"

"That is all according to sarcumstances, old feller," returned Dan. "We gotter find some way of throwing a scare inter them, as Cody says. I believe I got it."

"Yes?" questioned the scout.

"Them pizen reds is erfraid of me," chuckled Grizzly Dan.

"Nobody denies it, Dan."

"Because they couldn't kill me when they sculped me thet time, they reckon I'm bad medicine."

"An' ye aire—ter them," agreed Nomad.

"They kyant kill me, but I kin kill them," boasted the hermit.

"I don't reckon you want to go up against the whole b'ilin' of 'em, do you?" asked Wild Bill.

"Ach, himmelblitzen!" cried the baron. "Dot would be a foolishness yedt!"

"Say!" growled the hermit, who had taken a great dislike to the baron. "Ef thet thar Dutch emigrant is a-goin' erlong on this sortie, I don't go. Understand, Bill Cody? It's all off!"

"The baron has other business on hand," returned Buffalo Bill mildly.

"Vot iss dot?" demanded the baron, beginning to swell up.

"You will remain with the horses here and meet Little Cayuse and the soldiers."

"Yah! Dot iss all right," muttered the baron, and settled back on his elbow again.

"Well, thet settles it," said Dan, in better humor. "Them pizen red run from me like I was the smallpox in visible form."

"All right," said Buffalo Bill. "What then?"

As clearly as though his brain always worked sanely, the hermit put his idea into words. The scout and his comrades approved the plan as admirable, for, although Grizzly Dan was taking a great risk, they expected to take risks equal with his own.

Whatever was done toward getting the white woman away from the Indians, those performing the act must take their lives in their hands. And to sup the cup of peril was nothing new for Buffalo Bill and his friends.

As quick as supper was over, the fire was put out and the animals taken farther back into the woods and hobbled. Buffalo Bill gave the baron some important instructions, and then, with Pawnee and the Laramie man and the two woodsmen, he set forth toward the mouth of the pass.

It was scarcely dark when they started; but they had a long climb up the mountainside. After the first hour's walk they left the trail, but traveled parallel with it, and so pressed on cautiously toward the opening in the range.

A small but riotous mountain brook tumbled down the hillside beside the trail. This rose somewhere in the cañon and joined the creek beside which they had camped in the valley.

The noise it made deadened their own footfalls; but it likewise helped to smother sounds of other moving creatures—if there were any abroad.

Buffalo Bill, however, did not expect that Flying Feather had sent more than the one spy back along the trail. Young Fire in Sky had been sufficient to guard the trail and warn the Utes of the approach of any pursuers.

As the young Indian was out of the game, the scout expected to enter the pass itself without falling in with any reds. After that, however, their advance must be circumspect indeed.

Wild Bill and Nomad took their way up the hill on the north side of the trail, while Buffalo Bill, with Pawnee and Grizzly Dan, penetrated the thicket on the south side. They had arranged signals and all before starting, and occasionally communicated with each other so that one party would not get too far in advance of the other.

The moon did not rise until nine o'clock, and it would be an hour later before it would shine on this trail. By that time the scouts hoped to get within the mouth of the pass.

Once there, the moonlight would never reveal them to their enemies, for the depth of the cañon precluded any light penetrating to the bottom saving for an hour or so after midnight.



They kept sharp watch upon the open trail, but saw not a moving figure in all the long climb. The moonlight was just whitening the heights above them when they beheld the darker shadow of the cañon's mouth ahead.

The booming voice of the night owl, followed by the squeaking grunt of the porcupine, brought the two parties together not a hundred yards from the entrance to the pass. There they crouched, whispering for a few minutes, while the further details of their plan of campaign were discussed.

Not a sound reached them from above; yet somewhere in that black cañon they expected to find forty or more bloodthirsty savages—and these five white men intended to attack the twoscore reds without other assistance than the natural superstition of the Indians!

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ATTACK.

Not many moments were wasted in discussion. They were about to press forward on the trail when the sharp ears—or some other sense—of Grizzly Dan discovered something, or somebody, near at hand.

He lightly touched old Nomad, and the trapper passed the sign on from man to man. Buffalo Bill stepped close to the hermit's side and peered into the darkness of the cañon's mouth.

In a moment they all heard a gravel stone rolling down an easy declivity and finally coming to rest in the wagon trail. Another followed, and the scouts were confident that a human being was moving along the face of the hill on the left hand, slightly above the trail.

What human being? The question was no sooner formed in their minds than it was answered. Nobody but a redskin could be on the pass at the present time.

"A sentinel left to watch the reds," mouthed Buffalo Bill at Grizzly Dan's ear.

"Right. Stay here. One man get him," grunted the hermit, and in a moment he melted away from the group.

The others could but wait. To lose in on Dan's game would be not alone useless, but it might spoil the entire plan laid out for the night's work.

The guard on the hill sat sentinel and not close his wind-pipe instantly would allow the red to utter a shriek which possibly might be heard by the next guard up the pass—perhaps in the camp of the reds itself.

No knowing how the savages were strung out along the cañon. Both Nomad and Buffalo Bill knew the pass well; they were aware that there were but two places where the Indians could make comfortable camp might be made. Anywhere else the sides of the cañon were steep—in places veritable walls.

The guard waited with more or less impatience and anxiety. He waited for a while. For some time there was no sound from the Indian and as for Grizzly Dan, he moved like a ghost over the ground.

Suddenly a gravel stone rolled to make another miss up the hillside. Several more rolled down—they continued to roll—and there beat upon the straining ears of the waiting scouts muffled sounds of a struggle.

Nomad turned a moment and dashed away toward the pass, but Buffalo Bill restrained his other companions. In two minutes the sounds ceased, and then very quietly Grizzly Dan and the trapper rejoined the party. Dan wiped blood from a laceration in his left forearm, but would not let his brother hand man dress the wound.

"Well, Nomad, but or scratch, Nibby," he said. "That was a long time for him, just the same."

"He was a smart, beauty," explained Nomad. "No wonder you had some trouble with him. The red got his arm loose once and made use of it—as you see."

"It's a sure thing that the reds didn't come up any more of the party either," said the hermit.

"For right clear, Wild Bill," agreed Dan. "Aire ye ready, Cody?"

They advanced into the cañon. Here they kept to the right, still half, because the way was smoother to the left and because from the bottom of the pass they could see up on the hillside better advantage. It was lighter here than in the bottom of the pass.

The pass was narrow at the bottom; in places it was

little wider than the distance from hub to hub of a wagon wheel.

The narrow stream of water meandered through it and crossed the road a dozen times before the summit of the pass was reached. But the water was never more than ankle-deep.

The burble of this stream was the only sound, for the five white men walked as though shod with velvet. Their eyes, and ears, were alert for the enemy, but the single sentinel at the mouth of the pass was all that Flying Feather had set.

Now, at the very top of the pass—and that was about the middle of the cañon in the mountain range—was the first place where the Indians could find room to make an encampment. It was a level plateau some hundred yards wide, and the stream gurgled out from under a rock, giving the campers plenty of water for both man and beast.

The whites were two hours in getting from the mouth of the pass to within stone's throw of the plateau. The last few yards of the climb was always a hard one for the cattle, and under the break of this hill the five scouts halted again and whispered.

Buffalo Bill, Nomad, and Grizzly Dan had in their minds a perfect picture of the place. The dull stamping of the ponies told them that they were grazing at the far end of the plateau—right where the pass pitched downward again toward the western valleys.

Suddenly, as the five whispered, Pawnee Bill caught Cody's hand and pointed above. They were so deep in the shadow under this steep hill that one looking down at the spot would not have descried the white men.

But against the faint blur of the sky, picked out by the distant stars, there appeared the dull shadow of a tall form. It was a man; a blanket was wrapped closely about him and fell to his knees. There was an eagle feather in his hair, and he stood motionless, looking down the pass up which the five had made their way.

It was a sentinel, and while he remained in this attitude the white men dared not move. For quite half an hour he held his position, and the five below lay on their bellies along the ground and watched him.

Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Grizzly Dan put his lips to Buffalo Bill's ear and whispered:

"Thar'll be another of 'em on t'other side o' the camp. He's gone over thar ter have a gabfest. It's gittin' spooky time fer them redskins."

"This yere is the hour w'en whiskizos travels," muttered Nomad, on the other side of the scout.

"When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead—eh?" chuckled Buffalo Bill. "Then it's your lead, Dan. We'll spread out around the camp. When you hear me call, appear—like Banquo's ghost."

"I never hearn tell of no Missourian by thet name," grunted Grizzly Dan; "but I'll sure make them reds think they seen somebody thet's come straight from one o' them yawnin' churchyards ye was talkin' of."

Instantly the five men were all in action. Wild Bill and Nomad went to the right; Cody and Pawnee climbed up to the left.

All four reached the plateau, but kept close to the cañon's walls, which were here very steep. They were intending to circle around the encampment until they could observe where the prisoner was tied down.

The Indians had no cepees. It was a war camp, and the fires were merely glowing heaps of coals, while the braves were stretched out about them on the ground, wrapped in their blankets.

It was the good fortune of Buffalo Bill and his friend to discover the prisoner on their side of the plateau. She was lying between two of the warriors, and her wrists were undoubtedly lashed to their wrists. The reds had been merciful enough to give her a blanket; but the scouts knew her instantly by her long hair.

"They haven't hurt her, necarnis," murmured Pawnee Bill in Cody's ear. "Now, whatever else is done, I'm going to set that girl free. You fellows 'tend to the reds as best you can. I'll settle the two that guard her, cut her loose, and sneak back down the pass as fast as I can lay my hoofs to the ground."



"Agreed, Gordon. Let us wait till the others are in position, however."

"There are the two sentinels over there by the horses," said Pawnee. "We want to begin the dance before those two start this way."

"I'd like to stampede the ponies down the pass again; but that would endanger the woman's life and result, perhaps, in a bad mix-up for us."

"Let well enough alone, necarnis," advised Pawnee Bill. "I'm ready when you are. Give old Grizzly, yonder, the hoot."

Buffalo Bill, deciding that the time was ripe, signaled to the hermit as agreed. Immediately a light glowed at the far end of the plateau, and advanced toward the encampment of Ute braves.

It was a peculiar, misty, uncertain light, and floated in the air at about the height of a man's head from the ground. Almost at once the two Indians talking near the ponies observed this strange light.

They both uttered startled grunts—at least, one of them grunted in true Indian fashion; the other sprang toward the ponies as though to flee.

His companion did not notice this move at all; his entire attention was taken up with the approaching white light. In his own tongue the sentinel cried:

"Awake, brethren! What is this?"

Instantly a long, shrill, eerie cry shattered the silence of the plateau. The call was perhaps associated in the minds of every redskin there with the strange being whom the whites called Grizzly Dan, but whom the reds referred to as "the man who tames bears."

They had heard his battle cry. They had seen him racing through the forest with one, sometimes two, grizzlies following him. That he was superhuman was never doubted by any of the redskins.

And now, as the call was repeated, the hermit dashed forward, revealing his bearded features lit up by a pale, phosphorescent fire that added to the awfulness of his appearance and struck terror to the hearts of the awakening braves.

The reds sprang to their feet, entangled in their blankets. The pistols of the white men began to pop with deadly certainty.

Back across the plateau came flying the single sentinel who seemed to be of any use to the reds; and Buffalo Bill saw then by his headdress that he was a chief.

"Flying Feather!" shouted the great scout, leaping into the path of the running red. "For your villainies you shall die! Pa-e-has-ka swears it!"

Answering this challenge, the chief of the Ute band uttered his battle cry and dashed upon Buffalo Bill.

Meanwhile, Pawnee Bill had darted into the camp, and, ere the first yell had parted the lips of Grizzly Dan, the bowie man's great knife had flashed twice and the two Indians lashed to the captive both sank back upon the ground, their death cries stifled in their throats.

Two more slashes, and the girl was free of their filthy bodies. Pawnee Bill hoisted the prisoner instantly to his shoulder and started back across the plateau on the dead run.

And as he ran he yelled to his friends:

"Come on, boys! The war's over! I've got her!"

The drumming of the ponies' hoofs showed that they had been stampeded down the pass to the westward, accompanied, not unlikely, by the second sentinel. The other reds fought only in a half-hearted fashion, for they were terror-smitten by the attack at this hour of the night and by the appearance of Grizzly Dan.

Between Buffalo Bill and Flying Feather, however, the fight was fast and furious. The chief had run upon the scout, discarding his blanket and clubbing the old-fashioned

method that he carried. In the first blow, Buffalo Bill slipped on the turf, and, coming to his knees, bled upward at a slant at the redskin. The latter seized the red's shoulder, and the flash of the knife almost blinded him.

Perhaps Flying Feather thought at the moment that his time had come. At once he started the death chant and all around him he did with a reckless abandon not at all unusual in Indian combat.

He seemed to reach a climax, and the gun the white man

carried, but, drawing his knife, Flying Feather flung himself forward, gripped the scout's shoulder and plunged downward with all his weight behind the knife!

Cody swung backward to escape the blade and to get his gun into action again. A second time he went square on his back on the ground and Flying Feather fell upon him. The red changed his tune instantly. Instead of the death chant, a triumphant yell passed his lips.

But Pa-e-has-ka had been in many a tight corner before. He was one who fought until all hope was gone—and then still fought!

As the blade descended with the weight of the Indian behind it, Buffalo Bill rolled half over. The knife caught in his sleeve and pinned the arm to the ground, hampering the scout a good deal.

But his good right arm was free. He dropped the gun as being useless at the moment, and caught the Indian around the neck.

He hugged Flying Feather so tightly to him for the next few moments that the red could only gurgle and struggle. Losing his knife, the red was as helpless as Buffalo Bill himself—as far as weapons went. But he scratched and kicked like a wild cat.

The red's glaring eyes were close to Buffalo Bill's own. His hot breath almost stifled the scout.

The latter rolled over slowly, crushing the knife which the Indian had lost into the ground. Then of a sudden he felt the fingers of the red upon the butt of his other gun, still in its holster at Buffalo Bill's belt. If Flying Feather drew the gun Cody knew that it would be all over in a moment.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN AT THE FINISH!

If the baron felt hurt because he was not allowed to accompany the other scouts up the mountain, he did not show his pangs that such was the case. He received his orders phlegmatically, as was usual; but he carried them out faithfully.

The camp fire was put out; his precious pipe could no longer be smoked. He squatted beside the wagon trail, his blanket wrapped about him to keep out the night mists, and remained as silent and as quiet as a graven image for several hours.

This was no time for the baron to indulge in repose, therefore he kept his eyelids open and indulged in no cat naps.

Yet the very brooding silence of the night bred a somnolence that was hard for the baron to shake off. His hearing seemed to become dulled and his eyes glazed over with the sleep that he fought off.

He could not see far in the darkness, anyway; but he at last was aroused to watchfulness by a tremor that seemed to run through the earth beneath him.

The tremor continued; it seemed to approach. The German was certainly awakened to violent agitation by it.

"Himmelblitzen! Vot iss?" he muttered. "Iss dot some eart'quake yedt? Shall ve de mountains haf tumblin' down ubon us alretty? Nicht wahr!"

The tremor continued; now it seemed to be a rapid, rhythmic beating! And then the baron leaped to his feet with a stifled cry.

"Vot a foolishness mit me!" he grunted. "Dot is de tramp of a pony's feet! Vot iss he—a red man or a white man?"

The pounding drew nearer and nearer. A rider was coming wildly across the valley, and following the wagon trail openly.

The baron got ready his guns, but he likewise cautioned himself to have a care with them.

"If I shouldt py mistake shoodt dot Leedle Cayuse, den Pawnee Bill wouldt be a red man—eh?" he muttered. "Undt ich doo nixt mit der Indianer—eh?"

It was certain that a very reckless rider was coming. Moment after moment passed, and finally the baron decided a faint shadow beating down toward him. He chanced it.

"Whoob! If dot iss Leedle Cayuse, Puffalo Pill's pard, stob idt! If idt iss anudder Inchun, stand undt delifer yedt!"



This strange challenge, roared into the night was evidently heard by the hurrying rider, and he pulled in at once.

"Stop!" roared the baron again. "Give a agcount of yourselluf vonce!"

"No shoot! Me Little Cayuse!" was the answer to his challenge in a low voice.

The baron could not mistake the Piute's voice. He exclaimed:

"Himmelblitzen! Idt is salve for a sore eye, your voice iss, Cayuse! Come down undt dell me—haf you vound de solchers, an' iss dey coming?"

"Heap pony soger—come quick," said Little Cayuse. "Where Pa-e-has-ka?"

"He has gone mit Bawnee Pill undt Vild Pill undt olt Nomat undt dot feller vot owns de Hans bear de hill oop, for de Inchuns to findt alretty. Dey vill haf de voomans safe before de attack iss made on de camp."

"Wild!" grunted Little Cayuse.

"I vill say here undt meet cap mit you," explained the baron.

"You say an—ugh!" grunted the Piute. "Now we follow!"

"Vell, idt might pe de gourse of visdom," agreed the baron. "Dere iss pud fife of dem, undt adt least forty of de Utes. Two more might make some noise—yes?"

"Wuh!" agreed the Piute, as eager as the baron to get into the fight. "Major Pring'—um say he lead pony sogers into pass, he no hear from Pa-e-has-ka before git there."

"Den idt is a su-ah t'ing he vill come right afder us," said the baron. "Ve vill go undt dake de newses to Puffalo Pill."

Little Cayuse had already dismounted, and now he hobbled his pony with the mounts of the other scouts. Together the Piute and the baron trudged up the narrow trail toward Sanderson Pass.

They did not consider it necessary to take the precautions that their friends had. Buffalo Bill and his companions had unobtrusively cleared the way, not only for them, but for the troops coming swiftly from Fort Proctor.

And when the Indian and the German reached the pass itself they did not hesitate, but plunged into its gloom. A few yards they went only, however, before the keen-eyed Piute uttered a grunt of warning.

"Heil!" warned the baron. "Iss dere dancher alretty yuck?"

"Wuh! Ute look here!" commanded the Piute.

The baron found him down on his knees beside the narrow stream of water. Lying partly in the stream was a body.

The baron scratched a lucifer, and in its brief glare they saw that it was the body of a gigantic Ute lying face downward in the stream—and he had been scalped.

"White man take um scalp," grunted Little Cayuse.

"Idt was olt Nomat, or dot gr-r-azy Kritzly Dan," declared the baron. "Adt leasht, ve know dot dey is dead of as alretty."

They pressed on for half a mile or more before the reds broke out upon the summit of the pass. The instant Buffalo Bill saw of the baron and the Piute that Buffalo Bill and his companions had either attacked the reds or the reds had attacked the scout.

The yells of Indian and whites echoed down the pass like a chorus from Hades itself.

The baron and Little Cayuse hurried up the slope, and as they approached the scene of the battle they shouted encouragement to their friends.

Whether any of the scouts above heard these cries it is doubtful, but farther below on the mountainside there was a louder and more penetrating sound.

It was the back of the United States cavalry—a single word, "Charge!" bellowed them, and coming on the pass at as rapid a pace as possible, were two files of men, and the noise of the battle at the summit of the pass was understood by Major Pringle quite as well as by the baron and the Piute.

Meanwhile the fight on the plateau had gone both fiercer and more desperate.

Buffalo Bill had been the most successful of any, for he had killed ten men and gotten away with the girl.

He was running down the steep pass, while Cody was having his terrific struggle with Flying Feather, the chief.

On the other hand, Grizzly Dan had waded in for blood and scalps. Every redskin he killed he stopped to scalp—a most atrocious and unnecessary proceeding, yet one that did much toward striking terror to the redskins' souls.

To go to the happy hunting grounds without one's scalp was to betray the fact that one had been worsted in battle. Besides, the old-fashioned borderman began to take scalps when there was a bounty fixed upon them just as there was on wolf scalps!

So Dan might have done more for the general good had he not fought in this single-handed way.

On the other side Wild Bill and Nomad had begun to retreat so as to cover Pawnee's escape with the girl. And, seeing the whites give way, the reds rallied and came at them.

In the darkness nobody could shoot with certainty, and one could scarcely tell friend from foe; but there were so many more of the Utes than of the attacking party that the latter had the advantage in that point alone—they could be pretty sure that whoever came toward them was an enemy.

Wild Bill and Nomad came to the break of the hill leading eastward. They had seen Pawnee run that way with the prisoner on his shoulder.

Grizzly Dan was not far from them, his eerie yell sounding above the shrieks of the Utes. The phosphorus had now evaporated, and the hermit did not make such a terrible appearance; but he was executing a terrible vengeance, nevertheless, on his red enemies.

"Whar's Buffler?" yelled Nomad. "Hi, Buffler! Sing out fer yerself!"

"Here!" came a rather faint answering cry, and instantly Wild Bill and the borderman knew that their friend and chief was in some extraordinary peril.

"Er-waugh!" yelled Nomad, and leaped forward again, bowling over a couple of Indians as he ran. "Yere we come, Buffler! This way, Dan, you old sinner! Er-waugh! Er-waugh!"

His wolf yelp certainly was a cheering sound to Buffalo Bill. Caught as he had been by the chief of the Utes, he might not have escaped with his life had the charge of his friends not affrighted Flying Feather.

The red leaped up, dropping the gun that he had drawn from Buffalo Bill's holster. The scout tried to catch him again, but the nimble red eluded his hand, and by the time Buffalo Bill was on his feet Flying Feather had disappeared into the gloom.

"Just in time, old faithful!" cried the scout to the borderman. "He would have had me in a moment. But now we have lost him."

"By gorry! We've got a-plenty," said Wild Bill.

"Retreat!" cried Buffalo Bill, gathering up his scattered band. "We must cover Pawnee."

They ran to the edge of the plateau, dragging Grizzly Dan with them, and reached the break of the hill ahead of any of the Utes.

There they gave them a last volley, and it was then that the baron and Little Cayuse came upon the scene, panting, but eager for the fray.

"De sogers iss coming!" shouted the baron. "Dey iss alretty behindt us vonce! Ve pass Bawnee Pill undt such a pootiful laty—"

Just then a stray Indian bullet clipped the baron's cap from his head, and, with a howl of rage at the affront, he began to fire at the bunched redskins with both his pistols.

"Um pony sogers come, Pa-e-has-ka," reported Little Cayuse. "All same you say."

"Good boy!" commented Buffalo Bill, and the fight went on.

But some of the Utes must have understood English—even the brand the baron chattered. They realized that soldiers were riding up the pass, and they fired no more now in the darkness. Besides, their own numbers had thinned.

With shrieks of rage, they ran back across the plateau and disappeared down the pass to the westward. When Major Pringle and the first of his troops arrived there



were only dead Indians remaining on the plateau at the summit of the pass.

Fires were lighted, and the party awaited there for the coming of the main body of cavalry. It was determined that the soldiers should go on to the Ute villages and read the riot act to the tribe. And if possible Flying Feather and the braves that were of his party must be apprehended and taken back to Fort Prevost.

It was quickly arranged that Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Nomad, and Little Cayuse should accompany the army; but Pawnee Bill and the baron were instructed to accompany the white girl rescued from the Indians to the mining town of Lone Tree Gap, where the young lady declared she had friends.

Her case was a most pitiful one, for she had been traveling West with her family, and every near relative she owned had been killed by the Indians. She was an orphan, and, save for those whom she knew at Lone Tree Gap, was quite friendless.

The Utes, who had captured and run off with her, had shown her considerable kindness, and she was a plucky girl, anyway. She could ride, and she went quite cheerfully away with Pawnee and the baron, and was deeply grateful to all the scouts for her rescue.

As for Grizzly Dan, he disappeared very soon after the fight in Sandeman Pass was over. He had done all he had agreed to do, having seen the white girl rescued; and now Buffalo Bill feared that he had taken the back track in an attempt to seek out young Fire in Sky, the grateful Ute, and get his scalp, as well, to dry over the fire at his lonely hut on the mountainside.

Grizzly Dan, however, could not be held accountable for all his deeds. He was not like other men.

#### THE END.

A bowie-knife story for the next issue: "Buffalo Bill at Lone Tree Gap; or, Pawnee Bill in the Bear Pit." To the Easterner, unaccustomed to the early Western modes of warfare, a mere knife would seem rather meager armament for a man contending against enemies provided with rifles, spears, and hatchets. But this story will show what a skillful man can do with one of the knives invented by the famous Colonel Bowie. It is a ripping story of warfare and woodcraft and startling adventure. No. 22. Out February 2nd.

#### BOY'S VENTURE IN FOOD AND FINANCE.

He's just a bit of a kid—but he's smart, mind you, he's smart.

His mother sent him downtown the other day to do some buying. She gave him an additional 15 cents with which to buy up with a fine little lunch.

When he came home, he found his mother the boy elated into a one-armed, ordered a flock of food, and devoured it. When he looked at his check it said 35 cents. And he had only 15 cents.

Boy strategy went to work immediately. He edged up to the counter of the cashier and ordered 15 cents' worth of candy. The cashier gave him a 15-cent check. He checked the remainder down and then handed over to the cashier and pocketed his 15 cents and his check.

His mother told him rather about it and she upbraided him for his dishonesty.

"Don't roast me, mother," he said soberly. "Eating that extra 15 cents' worth was punishment enough."

#### ONE WAY TO FIND THE NUMBER OF DAYS IN THE MONTH.

Count the knuckles of the hand, with the spaces between them; all the months with thirteen days will fall on the knuckles, and those with less than thirty-one on the spaces. Thus, January, with the remainder of the year, will fall on the knuckles of the hand. February, with the remainder of the year, will fall on the spaces of the hand. And so on, the fingers of the hand will be reached at the knuckle of the hand.

## THE LAST OF THE HERD;

### Or, A Big Contract Well Filled.

By EDWARD C. TAYLOR.

(This interesting story began in NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY No. 279. If you have not read the preceding chapters, get the back numbers which you have missed from your news dealer. If he cannot supply you with it the publishers will do so.)

#### CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

Suddenly the dancing stopped, and the soft waltz music of mandolins and guitars came to an end. He heard soft conversation in the house, and then Bud Morgan's voice come floating out into the night. Bud had been requested to sing, and he was singing the old cowboy song about his horse that he had sung that morning. There was something manly and stirring in Bud's voice, something honest and good in his rough dialect. It went straight to Ted's heart as he sat there and listened. Then came the chorus, in which all the young range riders joined. Ted could distinguish all their voices and could hear the sweeter tones of the girls, who had joined in also, in the stirring, merry music. Ted had forgotten all about the dark-eyed girl at his side now. He was thinking of his free life on the prairie, of his dear friends and comrades, of the two girls who had been as stanch as steel to him through all vicissitudes.

"Ride away so ready, oh!  
Spur away so steady, oh!  
Spirited and heady, oh!  
We leave dull care behind  
Leaping and a-dancing, oh!  
Through the sun a-prancing, oh!  
Out upon the prairie, oh!  
Racing with the wind!"

The song seemed to bring with it the odor of the open air, of far distances on the scented prairie, of honesty and truth and loyalty. At its sound, whatever influence or fascination Rosalie had been able to exercise over the young roughrider had faded away and become like a dream. Ted was standing up and looking down at her.

"I think I'll go back to the house," he said, in a changed voice; "but first I would like to talk to you."

Rosalie noticed the change in his voice with an odd sinking of the heart, but she listened silently while Ted spoke, at first with surprise, then with interest and sympathy. Ted told her all about his first coming to the West, all about Daisy and Louise, how much he cared for them both, how honest and good they were, and what true friends they had been to him. Then he arose and walked silently away toward the house, leaving Rosalie still sitting on the chair looking after him.

Rosalie did not go back to the party that night. Instead she went to her room and wrote a letter to Earl Rossiter, calling a servant to take it to his room, where he had retired. In it she said that she could join no longer in his schemes against Ted Strong.

"He has taught me to respect and admire him," she concluded, "and to respect truth and honesty as well. I will leave here for the East to-morrow. I intend to go to my mother and make a clean breast of all my doings and let her send me to a convent if she wishes. I have been thoughtless and wicked, but I have now entered in time. I shall be another girl from this on, and there is no one persuading me, or trying to talk to me. Good-by, Earl, for I don't suppose I shall see you again."

"Rosalie Winslow."

#### CHAPTER VIII

##### THE FAULT.

Earl Rossiter sat down in his room on the upper floor of the Sunset Ranch house. He was a tall, thin man, a student of law, and a well-known member of the local bar. Spread out in the light of the lamp, slightly crumpled



pled, was the letter which Rosalie Winters had sent to him. It had come like a blow to Rossiter. He knew Rosalie Winters, and knew that there was no changing her when she once made up her mind, and all his hopes of ultimately defeating Ted Strong and retrieving his own fortunes were shattered.

Ted Strong was still in the house. Tom Black, who was thinking of going into the ranch business himself, had invited him to stay overnight, and go with him to see a near-by herd of cattle the following morning; and Ted had finally consented to stay, although the others had taken their departure and had ridden away to the Black Mountain Ranch. The dance was over now, and the rest of the house was in darkness. Earl's lamp alone was shining out into the night, and Earl was sitting there, drinking and brooding.

Ted Strong had gone to bed in the room adjoining Earl's, but Earl had stirred only to refill his glass from the brandy bottle. Of late strong drink had taken a terrible hold on Earl Rossiter. Realizing this, he had stopped for a time and had begun to feel better, but the events of that afternoon had sent him back to his brandy bottle for consolation. Owing to the excited state of his nerves, the liquor had not affected him as it usually did. To the outward eye, except for his blazing eyes, he looked sober and master of himself, but he was in reality insane for the time.

He suddenly rose to his feet and pulled the paper shade down over his lamp so that the rest of the room was shrouded in darkness, and a clear white circle of light was left on the table. As he moved away, one of his cuff links caught in the shade, and in dragging it away Earl tore the paper slightly, making two slits, one perpendicular and rather long, the other short and crossing the long one at right angles.

Earl was preparing to throw himself on the bed when he heard a noise outside and stepped to the window. The moon was still high, and it was possible to see objects with surprising distinctness. Looking down, Earl could see Ted Strong's figure strolling away across the grass. Ted had been unable to sleep that night, and had finally gone downstairs again to take a turn in the cool air to see if it might not make him sleepy. Besides this, he wanted to take a look at Black Bess to see if she had been properly stabled, and he strolled over in the direction of the ranch stables which lay at a little distance from the house.

Earl Rossiter looked at him as he moved off. He ground his teeth together and muttered wildly.

"There goes the source of all my troubles," he snarled. "There is the man who brought me to my present condition, without a friend in the world. If he were only out of the way, I might hope to get on and have friends. Oh, if he were only out of the way! If I could only put him out of the way! If I could only get revenge on him!"

He turned and started back with a stifled cry. It seemed to his bewildered faculties that the Evil One had heard him, and was answering him. There, on the dark surface of the wall opposite, was a dagger—a dagger outlined in fire hanging there, it seemed, as if ready for his hand. If Rossiter had been in his sober senses and not on the verge of insanity, brought on by a furious temper and strong drink, he would have realized that the slight tear he had made in the lamp shade had caused the light to fall upon the wall in that peculiar form.

He took a step toward the lamp, pushed up the shade, and then hurried toward the wall again. But now the dagger was gone. Pushing up the lamp shade had thrown the full light of the lamp upon the wall, and of course the room had had no chance now to cast any shadows upon it. Earl jumped in astonishment. Generally he was gifted with good sense and skepticism and would have scoffed at anything like a belief in signs and tokens. Now he was a nervous wreck, ready to believe anything, frightened at the slightest sound.

"No dagger there!" he muttered. "No dagger there!"

He stepped over toward the wall, and then the gleam of something lying on a table caught his eye. It was a Mexican pistol he had purchased as a curio in old Mexico and used as a paper knife. It was cross-hilted, just the shape of the golden dagger that had shone on the wall but a moment before. Without knowing what he did, Earl reached for it and clasped it in his hand. His fingers

closed about the hilt and gripped it tight, although he did not make any conscious effort to grasp it.

It seemed to Earl that some voice was speaking inside his head, or that some spirit that he could not see was whispering in his ear. Here were the words he heard:

"Ted Strong is outside, alone, looking at his horse. One of your Mexican vaqueros stole a horse and ran away to-day. You alone know about it. Here is the dagger ready to your hand, the dagger that you saw on the wall. Kill Ted Strong, turn his horse loose. He will be found next morning. His death will be laid to the missing vaquero. It will be thought that he reproved the Mexican for not taking good care of his horse and that the Mexican turned upon him, stabbed him, and fled. You will be safe. Kill him. Better still, drop his body down the old well, the cellar of the disused stable. No one ever goes there. It is said that the stable is haunted. He will never be searched for there. If you turn his horse loose he will run to the Black Mountain Ranch, ten miles away, across the prairie. It will be thought that Ted fell from his horse and was robbed by the wayside."

Earl listened to the voice, grasped the dagger tighter, and slipped down the stairs without knowing what he was doing.

Out in the moonlight, he paused and hesitated. Then he slunk in the shadows and followed Ted Strong. Ted had looked at his black mare and seen that it was comfortable. Then he strolled along toward a low, dark stone building.

"This is an interesting place," he muttered. "This is the old stable. Before it was a stable it used to be a house. They say it is haunted. I think I'll have a look at it, for I don't feel like sleeping yet."

The entrance to this place was an arch built of solid masonry and of lofty proportions. The interior looked as black as night, but Ted passed on, little knowing that there was a figure slinking along as silently as a panther in the darkness behind him. The floor underneath his feet was rotten and dusty, the boards creaking and groaning under his weight. Suddenly he stopped with a start. A great hole gaped in the middle of the floor, and he might have walked right into it in the darkness. He came to a standstill and looked down. As his eyes became more used to the absence of light he could discern a circular aperture in the floor.

He listened and peered down into it. The air from it was damp and cold, and from its depths came a soft splash. His foot had stirred a pebble on the floor and sent it down into the black hole. It had splashed in the water beneath.

"So this is the old well," said Ted, stepping back a pace. "I have heard people say that there was a well in here. It was dug when this place was used as a fort and when the occupants were sometimes besieged by the Indians and needed a supply of drinking water within the inclosure. No one ever goes near it now, for they say it is haunted. I could almost imagine it was haunted myself, for I hear the boards creaking behind me."

Ted turned about, and the faint noise that he had heard ceased instantly. He listened for a moment, but heard no further sound.

"Must have been a rat," he muttered, and turned once more toward the old well.

Somehow that gaping black hole interested him.

"In the old times," he thought, "there was no flooring but earth. Just tramped earth. That water cannot be very far down. It's a pretty good place to have a water supply on a ranch, for water is a thing a ranchman needs more than anything else."

He stooped down to pick a pebble, intending to cast it into the well and to estimate the distance below ground that the water was.

As he stooped, one of the lurking shadows behind him took form and shape—leaned forward. Ted felt a hand grappling at his throat, felt himself pushed forward toward the well. At the same time something struck him on the shoulder and he felt a sharp, stinging sensation. He tumbled forward and hung for a moment on the very edge of the well. He held with his hands and knees to the floor and struggled with every ounce of strength that was in him. He knew that some one had stabbed him.



the shoulder and was trying to cast him down into the black pit that yawned at his feet. He had not the faintest idea who it was, but he knew that he was on the verge of going over, and he fought with all his strength. The dark figure fought without a cry or sound, and fought with the wild fury of a madman. Ted could not make out who it was in the darkness. He could see a faint gleam of the upraised dagger, and reached for it. He could hear the hissing breath of his antagonist, but beyond the gleam of his eyes could see nothing of him.

Again the dagger descended. This time it scraped along his sleeve and slid to one side without cutting it. The blow had glanced off from the well-woven khaki of Ted's coat. Ted grasped for the hand, and at the same time tried to get on his feet. He struggled in vain, for the man who was fighting him pushed him back and down. He managed to clasp the hand that held the dagger, but in trying to rise he was pushed farther back over the edge of the old well. For a moment he hung there, trying to regain his balance.

Then the rotten wooden plank gave way beneath him. He fell on the hard floor to grasp the support. The door swung shut, and the air struck him on the forehead. The blow did not hurt him, and he was not cut or hurt, but the blow was sufficient to topple him over from the position in which he held. He felt the weight of his opponent bearing down on his back, and his hands slipping over the dirty floor in spite of his efforts to grasp it.

He was hanging in the well now, his breast level with the flooring, his hands supporting his whole weight, his legs and feet dangling into the darkness and unknown. And still he was slipping, slipping.

Down the door descended, the hilt striking him on the head, the blade nearly reaching his face. Down he went. He was hanging by his fingers now; they were slipping, and his head was breaking.

“Splash! He was in cold water, deep down in the darkness, fighting upward for air and life.”

In the morning Paul Barker had risen to his feet. Trembling from head to foot, he stood for a moment, then he threw the dagger from him. He heard it splash in the water of the old well. He turned about and made his way back to the house. In his room the friendly bottle caught his eye. He tossed off a glass of the raw stuff as though it had been water, and threw himself on the bed—but not to sleep.

For hours he tossed and groaned in a half delirium, and when rosy dawn broke in the east and the fresh wind whistling through the leaves of the trees told it was day again, he was a haggard and disheveled figure, his face pale as death, his eyes with great black rings under them, his hands trembling as those of one with the palsy.

Shortly after he returned to his room, Ted Strong, dripping and shivering, climbed out of the dark well. None of Earl's thrusts with the dagger had struck him fair, and he had only one slight wound in his back. Earl had been striking in the dark, and he had been striking

When Ted came to the surface, Ted had supported himself by crawling with his fingers in the crevices of the rock by which the well was built. He had remained there where it seemed until the footings that rested on the low slope had slid away, and then he had started to slip out. He did not find this as hard a task as one might suppose. The masons who built the old well had left a series of projections on the side by which one might descend to the bottom. Ted found these after some groping in the darkness and, climbing up to the level of the floor, pulled himself out. To an athletic young man like Ted the task was no easy one.

A note written scrawled in his ear, and at the door of the barn he saw his horse, Black Tom.

"What?" he muttered. "I think some one has turned my horse loose, as you can see I left it unbridled. But the back of that black Mustang is really handsome and does not seem to me much taller than I can get it myself now, and therefore all right. I am Russian and tell you about what happened to me. I have known a whole lot of people here and a pretty tough crowd. There's no

use-waking up the house now; however, and whoever tackled me has got under cover by this time."

Flinging himself on the back of the pony that Earl Rossiter had turned loose, Ted galloped off.

## CHAPTER IX.

## AN UNINVITED GUEST.

On the afternoon of the following day Earl Rossiter had arranged to have several men meet him at the ranch house. They were men interested in mining work about Crook City, and Earl hoped to sell them shares in the mine he had opened alongside of Ted's on the Yellow River, and thus raise money enough to keep him for a while. He could have secured money from his father, but of late he had broken away altogether from the control of the old gentleman, and he did not want to see him again. Tom Black was at the Sunset Ranch house that afternoon, wondering what had become of Ted Strong.

"His pony is gone," said Earl. "He has just taken a notion and ridden off to Black Mountain in the middle of the night. Perhaps he had some business there that he forgot about and he remembered about it later on."

"Why didn't he tell me about it?" said Black angrily. "I can't stand for a fellow who breaks appointments that way."

Earl shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Outside of his pallor and the dark lines under his eyes, he looked much as usual. A cold bath in the morning had braced him up a great deal, and he had managed to regain his nerve by a great effort of his will.

"Good heavens!" said Black, after a moment. "You are a fearful cigarette fiend."

Earl had been smoking one cigarette after another. They seemed to steady his nerves.

"They don't do me any harm," he said, glancing at the litter of butts which Black had noticed on the table. "I like to smoke a few before I do any talking. They seem to clear my brain. I am going to meet some mining men from Crook City, and I want to talk to them about a mine I have out here. I want you to stay, for I think you will be interested in it. Ah, here they come!"

Two or three men were ushered into the room at that moment. They were bronzed men, who had been in the mining business all their lives, and for whom it had a tremendous fascination. Earl handed them seats and they sat down.

"I am waiting for one other man," said Earl. "Taggart is his name. He comes from out of town a little way, but he knows this country country pretty well and he has been doing some prospecting about here for me. Then there is Gabe Harley, the old pocket hunter. You all know him."

Taggart came in a moment later, and was seated. One of the chairs was left in the room. This was for Gold Harley, and they sat still, without saying much, waiting for him to put in an appearance. Presently the sound of hoofs came from outside, and Harley, brown with the weather and bowed with age, came into the room. As he entered, another figure rode up on the other side of the house, and, dismounting, entered by a side door.

"Go in and sit down, Mr. Harley," said Rossiter. "I am going to get some maps."

Harley went in, but could find no vacant seat.

"They ain't no place here," he said.

"Sit down in that Morris chair," said Earl from the hallway.

"They's a feller in thet," said Harley.

"Nonsense! It's empty," said Earl, stepping back into the room. Then he gasped and choked and staggered. There was a figure in the chair, the figure of an uninvited guest—Ted Strong—who had just entered the ranch house by the side door.

He took that man with him, the frightened thing who saw them, staggered away toward the wall, and fell in a heap. "Come back," he called, "come back and I will reward him. As he approached, Earl seemed to come to again, and broke into terrible screams.

"Look at him!" he cried. "See him! I left him in the old well—in the old well!"

His voice broke off into a wild yell, his eyes rolled upward in their sockets, and he fell unconscious once more.



"Fool kid!" said Taggart, as he raised him in his arms. "Too many cigarettes an' too much whisky has given him fainting spells."

Ted Strong looked on the unconscious form of his enemy with a grave face. He had understood the meaning of his wild yells better than any one there. He now could guess who it was that had attacked him in the darkness.

He said nothing, but he knew that fate had foiled Rossiter in the wickedest of all his schemes.

## CHAPTER X.

### AT EAGLE ROCK.

Earl Rossiter had been removed to his room and a doctor called to attend him. The physician said that he must have received some nervous shock which had come near rendering him insane, and that it would be a long time before he recovered his health.

When Earl had been restored to consciousness he raved like a madman and was stricken with a high fever.

Although Ted Strong could have enlightened the physician as to the cause of the nervous shock that threatened to dethrone Earl's reason, he decided to say nothing about his experience in the old stable.

The doctor ordered that Earl should have perfect quiet, and he himself remained at the ranch in charge of his patient.

In the meantime the young people of the Black party had planned an excursion to Eagle Rock, one of the higher peaks of the Big Smoky Mountains. The day, set for the trip, was crisp and clear, and when the party reached an elevation above the pine-covered slopes it was almost cold.

Tom Black had invited Ted Strong and his friends to join the party in their expedition, but the boys at the Black Mountain Ranch were far too busy for any picnicking at that particular season of the year. It was time for them to sell their herds, and they were all busy making a round-up and starting the cattle on the trail into Montana, where they were to be sold for beef at the Blackfoot Indian reservation.

"That's Eagle Rock above us," said Tom Black, pointing up at the summit which the party had still to climb, and which looked a great way off to the girls, who were already somewhat tired after their stiff climb.

"Oh, dear!" said Lucy Black. "Why couldn't we have come all this way in the wagon? I am tired of climbing over all these rocks."

"Couldn't bring the wagon up here," said Black. "We brought it just as far as we could, but we had to leave it behind when we struck these rocky foothills. If we had followed the winding trail up, we should never have been able to get anyway near Eagle Rock, and that is the peak that we want to see."

The three young men were helping the three girls up over the larger rocks and stones, and the whole party was making rather slow progress. Reading, being something of an athlete, was able to climb a little better than the others. Beside him was Louise Rossiter, who, owing to her love for outdoor sport and her life in the West, was a great deal less tired and fagged than the other girls.

They were rapidly distancing the others, and finally, to Reading's great joy, they turned a rock which shielded them from the view of the rest of the party. Reading, in his association latterly with Louise Rossiter, whom he had met frequently since he came to the West, had become quite smitten with her. Louise was altogether unconscious of this, and in her anxiety to reach the summit of Eagle Rock and her enjoyment of the climb she didn't notice that they were getting so far ahead of the others.

As they turned the big rock, they started on a steeper ascent. Reading watched his companion admiringly as she clambered up over the rocks.

"By Jove!" he said. "It is not often that one finds a girl like you. Most of the girls I know would have given out before we had gone half this distance, but you are as strong and athletic as a boy, and, besides that, you have lost none of your feminine charm."

"I don't need your arm, Mr. Reading," said Louise, drawing away from him; "and as for my being athletic, any girl would be athletic if she spent most of her time outdoors."

"But few girls would be like you," said Reading, pausing to look into her eyes.

Louise avoided the look. She did not altogether like Reading's manner. She was not at all alarmed by it as Daisy Miller might have been. Louise was stronger and more confident than Daisy, and she was perfectly sure of her own ability to keep Reading in his place. She had noticed that he had been more attentive than she liked on several occasions, and now that they were alone she saw that he was walking very close to her and trying to assist her over the rough places by catching hold of her arm.

"I wish Ted Strong were here," she said suddenly.

Reading scowled for a moment, and then, when she turned toward him, resumed a smiling face.

"I wish he were here, too," he said. "I admire him a great deal from what I have seen of him. But there is not much chance of meeting him here, is there? He is away off in Montana by this time."

"I don't know about that," said Louise. "He went to Montana by the cattle trail which skirts the foot of these mountains; but the shortest cut back, unless he takes the train, is across the mountains here, and he might come this way for the sake of any game he might pick up about here. I shouldn't wonder if we met him. I was just hoping we might meet some of the young range riders when we decided to go out on this excursion."

Had Louise seen Reading's face at this moment she would have smiled. Reading wore a very unpleasant look, and it was with the very idea of irritating him that she had spoken of the possibility of meeting Ted Strong and the young roughriders up there in the mountains. She wanted to discourage Reading's attentions as much as possible, and she thought that this was as good a way as any. But Reading was not to be discouraged so easily. He hastened after Louise and reached forth to help her over a pile of shattered rock.

The girl bounded ahead of him, and in trying to reach for her Reading slipped and fell. Louise heard him fall, but did not look back.

"I hope he hasn't hurt himself," she thought; "but I am not going to turn back after him. It gives me a good chance to get away from him and up to the top of Eagle Rock ahead of the others."

She ran ahead at a good pace, climbing up the steep slope around which the footpath wound, at a pace at which Reading himself would have found some difficulty in traveling. She heard her companion scrambling to his feet and coming after her as fast as he could.

"Wait a minute, Miss Rossiter," panted Reading. "Let me catch up with you to help you over those stones."

Louise laughed softly to herself and ran on all the faster.

"Let him catch me if he can," she said to herself. "I don't want to be alone with him here, and I want to get to the top of that rock and have a good look around at the country before the others come up with us. They must be a long way behind now."

Louise ran on, out of breath by this time, but never stopping for a moment. She heard Reading panting and scrambling along behind her, and she felt as if it were a race between the two. She saw Eagle Rock towering close over her head now and already she was halfway up to the summit. She did not expect to reach the summit itself, but a narrow ledge that lay about twenty feet above the highest point, and to which the narrow path which she was following led. It would be impossible for her to get to the very top, for on that side the face of the cliff for the last twenty feet was absolutely perpendicular, although on the other side it was possible to scale it.

At length Louise found herself at her goal and threw herself down on the moss-covered ledge, breathing deeply, her face aglow with pleasure and excitement.

"This is beautiful!" she exclaimed. "It's fully worth the climb."

She gazed with sparkling eyes at the scene that was spread below her. Except for the jagged peak twenty feet above her head, she was on the highest piece of ground for miles around. The air about her was cold, bracing, and delightfully pure. Below her, far away, she could see the level prairie with a stretch of timber run-



ning across it marking the line of a watercourse. A little nearer were the dark tops of the pine trees which clothed the lower slopes; and still farther up, almost beneath her, it seemed, was the winding path by which she herself had ascended and up which she could see the others still struggling slowly and painfully. Reading was not in sight, as he was hidden from her by the last turn in the path which he had just rounded. The beauty of the scene, the exhilaration of the exercise, and the air which ran through the blood like wine, made Louise forget for the moment the fact that she had been running away from some one. She threw herself luxuriously down on the mossy ledge and gave herself up to the keen enjoyment of her position without a care or thought for anything else.

In the meantime, Reading was perspiring and fuming as he made his way up the path. His tumble, and the fact that Louise had laughed as she ran away from him, had put him in a towering rage. He could not help admiring the fleetness and agility of the girl, and he did his best to catch her before she got to the top.

His best was not good enough, however, and he had to make the whole of the climb alone, consoling himself with the reflection that it would be some time yet before the others caught up, and that in the meantime he would have Louise all to himself.

"She pretends to be such a blunt, straightforward girl, without any coquettishness about her," he panted, as he ran along. "What did she run up ahead to the top of that rock for? Just to be alone with me for a while and to tease me. I'll show her. She can't have fun with me just as she pleases. She is just as bad as the rest of them, and just as much of a flirt, too, only she hides it more. It's these girls who pretend to have no use for flirting who are the worst. She thinks there is no one like this Ted Strong. Well, he is safely out of the way now. The others are out of sight behind that turn, and it will be a good half hour before they get here. In the meantime I have my blue-eyed lady all to myself. Ah!"

Reading's last exclamation was called from him by the sight of Louise stretched on the moss and wrapped up in her golf cloak, looking down at the scene below. As he came out on the ledge beside her, he thought he had never seen such a beautiful girl in his life. Her heightened color, and the sparkle of enjoyment that shone in her eyes, the white gleam of her teeth as they showed between her slightly parted lips, and the strands of golden hair that the wind was blowing across her face, made her a striking and beautiful picture.

She turned her head a little as Reading stepped upon the ledge.

"Isn't this view grand?" she said.

"Lovely!" said Reading.

He was not looking at the scenery at all, but at Louise.

Louise neither looked up nor spoke, but remained as she was, gazing out at the country below and enjoying the delight of outdoor life to the full. Reading dropped on the moss beside her, still staring at her.

"I always did like blue-eyed girls," he said.

"What has that to do with the scenery?" said Louise, without turning.

"I'm not looking at the scenery."

"What did you come up here for, then?"

"To be alone with you."

As he made this last remark, Reading reached forward and caught at Louise's hand, which was lying close beside him. He only held it for a moment. Louise drew it away sharply and leaped to her feet.

"What do you mean?" she said, staring at Reading. "I didn't come up here to be alone with you, let me tell you that!"

"That bluff will do for the others down below, but it won't go with me."

"It will have to go with you. Don't come any nearer to me."

"You are quite an actress, aren't you? But what's the use of keeping up this masquerade when no one else can see us?"

"What do you mean?"

"I am determined to have one kiss from you before the others come up."

"How dare you talk to me that way!"

"I dare it very easily. You have led me a pretty chase up this hill, and I'm not going to be bluffed now. I've met lots of girls before, and let me tell you, Louise, that you are about the prettiest I have ever seen."

"Miss Rossiter is the name you are to call me by."

"Well, Miss Rossiter, then. But by whatever name you go by, I am going to have a kiss from you before the others find us here. Come on, now; be agreeable. I am going to have it, anyway."

He made a step toward Louise, who backed away from him toward the face of the cliff. She was beginning to be a little frightened now. As she looked into the face of the young man who was confronting her she saw that the worst part of his nature was uppermost and that he was so excited and determined that he had forgotten almost what he did.

He reached for her, and again she eluded him. Then he caught her hand and drew her toward him. Louise struggled to free herself, but found herself caught in a grip which she could not break. She was ordinarily a wonderfully self-reliant girl, but when Reading grasped her wrist and she found that she could not get herself free she was frightened. A moment later he had clasped her round the waist and was trying to kiss her. Louise screamed and struggled. She could not fight away from him, and she knew that the others were still a little distance off.

It seemed to Louise that she would prefer casting herself over the cliff to having Reading kiss her, and she screamed at the top of her voice. Reading was so engaged in holding the struggling girl that he did not see a rope which was lowered down the face of the cliff behind him, nor a figure which descended by it. A moment later he was struck a stunning blow on the jaw and felled to the earth.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The figure which had descended by the face of the cliff was that of Ted Strong. As Louise had hoped, he had crossed through the pass in the Smoky Mountains and that very morning had gone to climb to the summit of Eagle Rock. Kit Summers had gone with him, the other boys remaining in camp with the horses. The two boys reached the topmost point of the rock just as the struggle between Louise and Reading commenced below them.

They had heard the screams, and Ted, peering over, had discerned the form of his girl friend struggling in the grasp of some man. It was the work of an instant to sling out his lariat, which he had carried with him, and bid Kit Summers make it fast to a projection in the rock while he descended hand over hand. He did not pause to see who it was that was handling Louise in this rough fashion, but had struck out at him with all his strength. Reading rolled over on the ground as though he had been a tenpin, and Louise, staggering back, looked with delighted surprise into the face of the young ranchman.

"Oh, Ted," she said, "I was just hoping for you and praying for you. I didn't know what to do."

Reading was scrambling to his feet by this time, his face furious. He was a boy with a hot and overbearing temper, and at the present moment it had broken all bounds. He stepped toward Ted, swinging his hands in front of him.

"You young scoundrel!" he snarled. "Sneaking behind me and striking at me when I was not looking! I'll make you pay for that. I'll make you sorry for that."

Reading was rather taller than Ted and of wiry and athletic build. He had gained a considerable reputation as a boxer in college.

Ted was fully as angry as Reading, but he did not show his wrath in the same manner as the college man. His brown eyes were steady and cool, and a slight smile seemed to play about his lips as he stepped forward to meet Reading.

"Please stand a little to one side, Louise," he said in a calm, cool voice. Reading flung himself upon him.

Louise had seen Ted in many positions of danger before now. She had seen him fighting for his life on the plains against a gang of outlaws; had seen him almost within







# THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## Albino Duck Shot.

C. M. Brooks, a McGregor hunter, has a "queer duck" for a trophy and has had it mounted to preserve as a curiosity. He brought it down with his gun in the wild rice fields of the Mississippi near McGregor, Iowa, recently. It is pure white from head to tip of tail and has red eyes.

The bird was flying in a large flock of ducks and was plainly distinguishable from the rest a long way off. White blackbirds, white robins, white English sparrows, and even white crows have been known; but hunters who have hunted ducks for a lifetime on the Mississippi, the greatest migratory highway for aquatic birds in the world, say it is the first white duck they have ever seen or heard of. They are puzzled to understand how a duck so conspicuous in appearance was ever permitted to grow to maturity and get this far south without being shot.

Like the white blackbird, the white duck is an albino, bird students say, albinos occurring in many species of the animal kingdom just as in people. It has white feathers for the same reason that the human albino has a chalky-white skin—because the substance that gives color is absent, due to some defect in organization.

The red eyes of the albino duck, like those of white mice, white rabbits, and the sacred white elephants of the Orient, which are also albinos, are due to the same defect in organization.

## Modern Mothers—but Papooses.

Two Indian women with their babies attracted no little attention in New York while they were waiting for their street car the other day. The women were dressed in clothing of modern style, but the babe each held in her arms was wrapped carefully in an Indian blanket in the original Indian style.

## Race for Life, Bear Pursuing.

Bears are so numerous and bold in Maine this year that the natives don't have to go to war to get excitement. It is a popular belief that the bear fears the hum of civilization and instinctively avoids settlements; but, like most popular beliefs, that one is subject to frequent upsets.

One of these upsets occurred in Millford, Maine, the other day when a bear described as "big as a cow" pursued Mrs. Alice McAllister and Mrs. Millie Powers, who were driving along the country highway on their return from Greenfield.

Mrs. Powers lashed the horse into its top speed to keep ahead of the fast-loping bear; but at a turn in the road the front axle of their carriage broke, pitching them into the ditch.

In an instant the women were on their feet and freed the horse. They mounted the animal and rode at top speed. After a race of a mile or more they reached the Fred Allen place, but there was no one

at home. They barred the doors and telephoned to the Tom Simmons farm for help. A dozen men were soon out after the bear, but no trace of him could be found.

## War Bread Reaches New York.

"Wheatless Wednesday" became a stern reality in New York recently, introducing thousands of persons to well-camouflaged American war bread.

But the war bread, instead of proving the horror which writers in the belligerent countries of Europe have portrayed it, turned out to be nothing more offensive than well-baked, palatable rye bread, graham bread, corn bread, and oatmeal rolls. Those who thoughtlessly asked for wheat bread at the restaurants and hotels beamed with patriotism when they were reminded that the day was wheatless.

All the big hotels of the city inaugurated Wheatless Wednesdays. Even the Broadway cafés, which cater to the midnight moths of the white-light zone, enlist in the war and serve no wheat bread.

## Twins Marry Twins.

When twins wed twins! In this case it was a wedding of two roses. He pinned a rose on her as identification tags. One rose was red, the other white. Leland and Lorand Tabler, twin brothers, of Kansas City, led Alice and Gertrude Moore, twin sisters, of Adrian, Missouri, to the altar in a double ceremony one day recently at Kansas City, Missouri.

The brides were dressed exactly alike; so were the bridegrooms. The bridesmaids and best men could not tell which was their bride and bridegroom.

How did each bridegroom tell which was his bride? He kept tight hold of her arm during the ceremony, and when it was over, before he let go, Leland pinned a red rose on his bride, Lorand a white rose on his.

The minister, the Reverend Charles Coombs, of the First Christian Church, the attendants, the guests, and even the bridegrooms themselves, wondered how the tangle could be straightened out if the brides, just to be mischievous, exchanged roses.

## Black Hand Agent Shot Butler.

The young man who shot down the butler of Mrs. Horatio N. Slater, society leader and charitable worker of Boston, Massachusetts, recently, in an attempt to kill Mrs. Slater, was the tool of blackmailers, detectives say. They announced they had Black Hand letters demanding money from Mrs. Slater and threatening her with death.

The prisoner, who gave his name as Harry Bass, of New York, is characterized as an idealist with an anarchistic twist, who would easily become the tool of an unscrupulous gang.

Bass told the police he was twenty-two years of age, but admitted later that he was only sixteen. He said he lived at No. 14 Chambers Street, New York



City. He did not intend to shoot the butler, he told the police, but expressed regret that he had not killed Mrs. Slater and announced that the electric chair had no terror for him.

"Thousands are dying on the battlefields of Europe for their principles," he exclaimed. "Why should I be afraid to die for mine? Down with Wall Street!"

A quantity of radical literature was found in his possession, and he boasted that his ideals were contained in the writings of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman.

He told the police his father sent him to America from Russia when he was four years old and that he had attended the New York schools until he was about to enter the eighth grade.

The detectives learned that he was arrested by the Brookline police nearly a year ago for carrying a concealed weapon. At that time he said he was Nathan Swartz, of No. 11 Chambers Street, New York.

When asked why he wanted to kill Mrs. Slater, the police say that Bass told them it was because she represented to him a type. He said he did not know anything about her except what he read in magazines and newspapers.

#### **Bear Steals Camp's Hams.**

With hams at present prices, even a rich corporation like the Great Northern Paper Company cannot afford to feed bears on that sort of fodder, and so it was a distinct relief to the boss of the company's camp on Elm Stream, nine miles from Seeboomook Falls, Maine, when the camp timekeeper, Raymond Dyer, of this city, acted.

In the camp on Elm Stream was a barrel of smoked hams. One night recently the barrel was full. Next morning the barrel was nearly as empty as a bass drum, the cook found. Bear tracks were around the building.

Dyer set a trap. Later the crew were aroused by a tremendous grunting and thrashing. The ham thief was in the trap, fat, furry, and furious, securely pinched by his right forepaw. A logger smashed the bear's skull with an ax. The men ate some of the bear meat, and Dyer got the skin, which he sold for a good price in Bangor, and also collected the State bounty, \$5, from City Clerk Victor Brett.

#### **Unusual Moose-hunting Feat.**

Hunting the moose in the wilds of the great Northwest isn't in it with riding one for thrills. Two hunters, recently paddling in Rainy Lake, Canada, headed off a big bull in the middle of the water and swiftly pulled alongside. Letting himself into the water, one of the hunters, after poising himself for a moment on the animal's back, seized him at the pit of his submerged antlers and rode him to shore, while his companion applauded the difficult and seldom-performed feat.

#### **Pole Slashes New York Girls.**

Four young women were slashed on Broadway, New York, in the financial district, one noon recently, with a potato knife by Antoni Karasinski, a Pole, who told the police a rambling story of being bothered for

twelve years by women, against whom he decided to avenge himself. He said he had complained to Washington in a letter, asking to have the annoyance stopped, but, getting no answer, determined to take the matter into his own hands.

The attacks were made in different parts of lower Broadway and threw the thoroughfare into a turmoil while the victims were being cared for and the hunt proceeded for the mysterious slayer, who escaped after each attack. He was finally picked out in the crowds by his second victim and later identified by another.

The young women slashed were Irene Riley, cut across the face; Abigail de Jongh, cut in the neck; Florence Rogers, cut in the left shoulder; and Edith Fox, slashed on the right cheek. None of the wounds was serious.

#### **Any Rags or Bones Dictator.**

The advisability of a national junk dictator has recently been called to the attention of the Council of National Defense. Conservative estimates are that more than \$1,500,000,000 can be saved by reclamation of scrap iron, scrap metals, woolen rags, cotton rags, old rubber, paper stock, bags and bagging, cotton and wool waste, mattress fillings, bones, hair, scrap leather, bottles, broken glass, and celluloid. Many of these articles can be remade into needed implements to help win the war.

The Advisory Committee of the Defense Council and the War Industries Board have considered the matter. "Winning the war means cutting out the waste," it is declared. Some scraps contain items valuable and sorely needed.

#### **Blown Out of Bed.**

Some time ago a monument worker named William Heuss, of Mount Kisco, New York, caused the arrest of an Italian who was shooting squirrels near his home. The gunner was fined \$5, and as he left the courtroom bystanders say he announced that he would "get even."

Early one morning recently Heuss and his year-old child were blown out of bed by an explosion that shattered the front porch, smashed all the windows in the house, and wrecked the whole first floor. The Italian who talked of revenge has disappeared from his home, and the police, taking this as grounds for his guilt, are searching for him.

#### **Boy Violinist Praised.**

Jascha Heifetz, the seventeen-year-old Russian violinist who won a remarkable triumph at his debut in Carnegie Hall, New York, recently, after hearing read to him all the fine things said about him in the papers, put on his coat and hat and went to hear Fritz Kreisler play in the same auditorium.

The many flattering comments of the young artist's performance did not turn his head. He took them in the same unassuming and dignified manner that characterized his platform appearance.

At his home, where he is living with his parents, he expressed gratitude for the reception given him by his first American audience. He had been listening to similar expressions of approval ever since he was



seven years old, when he gave his first successful concert. Still he was not certain of his welcome here, coming a stranger and practically unheralded.

The violinist already is fond of America, although he has been in the country but a few weeks. He had a hard time getting here, too. With his parents and two sisters, he left Volna, his home, last summer, traveled across Siberia with many interruptions, to Japan, and so to our Pacific coast. The family has relatives in Boston, and, after placing the sisters in a school there, the parents and their gifted son came to New York some weeks ago.

"I am immensely pleased," Heifetz said, "and am extremely grateful that the public evidently liked my playing, and thankful for their approval. I hope I shall continue to deserve their favor."

#### Extract Oil from Shale Rock.

Recent news reports state that Nevada capitalists are forming a syndicate to extract gasoline, natural gas, and other products from Nevada shale beds with the recently invented Crane process, which has been highly commended by Doctor Day, of the Geological Survey, and other prominent government experts.

Enormous deposits of shale are found in Nevada, and tests indicate a ton of the material will yield 90 gallons of oil, 4,500 to 5,000 cubic feet of natural gas, and large quantities of ammonia, paraffin wax, and other products.

It is planned to erect several plants in the State and work on the first will probably commence in the spring at a point near Elko.

#### Hid Thefts Twenty-four Years.

Recent news states that after having for twenty-four years covered up his speculations, Harrison Kelley, trusted secretary of the People's Building and Loan Association, of Chicago, ended his life in Lake Michigan a short time ago.

Kelley tried to beat the grain market in 1893 and lost. Then he took some more of the money intrusted to him and lost that. By 1910 he had lost \$100,000, and, ever in the hope that his luck would change, he kept on appropriating money intrusted to him until his speculations totaled \$200,000. Fake loans and forged mortgages were used to cover up his transactions. Meanwhile Kelley lived simply and frugally, and was never known to have accumulated a fortune. But the strain was too much for him at last, and, rather than face exposure and prison, he drowned himself.

#### Aged Man Meets Father.

Recent news from Live Oak, California, tells how the other day Anthony Vaughn, sixty-five, saw his father, Nathaniel Vaughn, eighty-five, for the first time; and the father took his new-found son home with him to Maine, and the two will live the rest of their lives together.

Nathaniel Vaughn was a mate on a whaling vessel when his wife gave birth to the son, Anthony.

The whaling cruise, followed by another long cruise as soon as the whaler reached port, separated Vaughn from his wife for an additional year, and when the seaman finally reached his home in Maine, mother

and son, by force of circumstances, had emigrated to the West.

Anthony Vaughn came finally to the conclusion that his father had been lost at sea.

Picking grapes a few weeks ago with an itinerant laborer from the East, Vaughn learned that his father was still alive in Maine. The son wrote to his father, who made a trip to California to see his boy.

"I'm taking my lad home with me," said his aged father. "I'm going home with daddy," said the son.

#### "Whose Bear?" Asks Attorney for City.

From St. Paul, Minnesota, comes the news that Corporation Counsel O'Neill has written to Doctor Justus Ohage, city health officer, to inquire when and under what circumstances the doctor wished \$10,000 worth of vicious black bear on the city of St. Paul.

The question of ownership of the bear was revived when Joseph Rothwell, who was clawed and chewed by the bear at Harriet Island, filed notice with the council of a suit for \$10,000 damages. Rothwell was measuring the cages on the island when he went to the rescue of a park attendant attacked by the bear and was himself mauled before the animal was shot.

Corporation Counsel O'Neill asserted that he has no record that the city ever accepted the bear from the city health officer.

#### Huge Ears from Ancient Corn.

How would you like to eat an ear of corn grown from seed 1,800 years old? Good corn, too; ears measuring 14 inches in length and picked from a stalk standing over 17 feet in height! Can't be done, you say, using a joker's expression to demonstrate your skepticism of any such agricultural accomplishment. Well, you could if you lived in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the owner of the wonderful ears would give or sell you one.

The plant, produced from seed 1,800 years old, was grown in the garden of William A. Akin, in Milwaukee. There is no other plant like it anywhere in Wisconsin, and possibly nowhere in the United States. It measures a trifle over 11 feet in height and produced 7 ears of corn each 14 inches in length.

Mr. Akin traces the life of the cornstalk to a seed at least 1,800 years old. He has data to verify his attestation that the plant is the direct product of a seed that was buried by people who lived at the time of Christ.

Doctor E. S. Curry, a noted archaeologist, on one of his explorations in a Western State, discovered a strange mound on which a tree was growing. He cut down the tree and dug into the mound. The roots of the tree had wound themselves around the mound, and he easily found that the tree was six hundred years old.

From the character of the other vegetation around he stated that it was his firm conviction that the mound was placed there 1,800 years ago. In this mound he found ossified bones, stone weapons, and implements of one kind and another. Among other things he found a hermetically sealed stone jar containing 11 ears of corn of the prehistoric Red Dent



variety. The age of this corn was further verified by the cement used to seal the lid of the receptacle. This cement was found to be the same kind that was used in sealing mummy cases in the pyramids of Egypt.

Mr. Akin claims that if he had known anything about raising corn his stalk would have attained a much greater height, but as it was he merely planted it and let it grow.

#### **Saves Girl by Grip.**

A talented young artist named Virginia Swope was taken from her room in a hotel and placed in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital, in New York, recently.

A diagnosis of insanity came as the climax of a night and day of anxiety. At one stage the girl hung head downward for several minutes from a third floor of the Vandyck Studios, 939 Eighth Avenue.

A policeman inside saved her life by grasping her ankles after she had broken through the sash in an attempt to throw herself into the street.

#### **Indians Want War Paint.**

Two hundred fine young buck Indians, for once ordered by the Great White Father at Washington to get ready to fight, have been stringing into Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, from Camp Travis, Oklahoma, and are now in the process of being made fit to fight their way to Unter Den Linden along with several thousand other Texas and Oklahoma men, members of the National Army.

One universally expressed matter of regret on the part of the men who came recently, as well as hundreds of other Indians who may later be added to these drafted ones, is the fact the United States army rules exclude, of course, the wearing of feather head-dress pieces and the daubing of war paint. The boys say if they could doll up when they get on the other side, before going into action, they are pretty sure they would have the stage to themselves as far as Fritz was concerned.

#### **Girl Bootblacks in Appeal.**

Girl bootblacks appeared before the city council in Boston recently to oppose Mayor Curley's proposed ordinance to prohibit the employment of girls in shoe-shining shops.

Miss Harriet A. Duffy, manager of one establishment, said she received a salary of \$15 a week, and, with tips, her earnings, on which she supports her mother and sisters, average between \$25 and \$30 a week. The girls under her, she said, were paid \$12 a week, plus tips.

These girls afterward told the council that they earned nearly \$30 a week, including both tips and salary. The council took the matter under advisement.

#### **Has Fun with Foe.**

There is a German submarine commander who is known throughout the American flotilla in European waters as "Kelly." His real name is quite different, but the Americans have dubbed him "Kelly of the Emerald Isle," and the name will stick in the songs and stories of the navy as long as the war is talked about, recent news states.

"Kelly" earned his name by his display of quite un-German humor. He has become the hero of stories told in the forecandle and on the quarter-deck. But all of these stories are true and probably some of them have grown in the telling.

"Kelly" commands a mine-laying U-boat which pays frequent visits to the district patrolled by the American destroyers. When he has finished his appointed task of distributing his mines where they will do the most harm, he generally devotes a few minutes to a prank of some kind. Sometimes he contents himself with leaving a note, flying from a buoy, scribbled in schoolboy English and addressed to his American enemy.

His most audacious exploit, however—if the legends of the forecandle are to be believed—was a trip which he made several months ago to Dublin, where he stayed two days at a leading hotel, afterward joining his U-boat somewhere up the west coast. He is said to have informed the British of his exploit by leaving his receipted hotel bill attached to one of their buoys.

Still another of "Kelly's" more recent stunts was to plant the German flag on a rising of the coast line. It was the first time that the British and Americans knew just where he and his men had set foot, and they shared the excitement of the village folk who awoke one morning to find a new kind of flag flying from their native soil. At first they could not make out just what it was.

But when they made sure it was the German colors they were furious. These poor fisher folk were in no mood for this latest display of German humor, so they, according to report, burned the flag and set a watch for "Kelly."

#### **General Pershing's Pies.**

Ensign Mary Sheldon, a Chicago Salvation Army worker, is the only woman who is going to have a finger in General Pershing's pie.

Major D. W. Agnew, who is in charge of the Salvation Army war work, told recently of General Pershing's request for a "pie maker."

"The Salvation Army cabled the general when he landed in France," said Major Agnew, "and asked him what it could do to be of service to him. His answer came immediately: 'Send me somebody who can make apple pie.'"

Ensign Mary Sheldon was the person who qualified for the position of pastry maker, and she sailed for France with all possible speed. She is now established in a Salvation Army camp near American headquarters and—um-m-m-m!—those pies.

#### **Gold Strike Causes Stampede in Alaska.**

Rich gold deposits have been discovered in the Goodnews Bay district of western Alaska, and a big stampede of mining men from Bethel and the entire Kuskokwim River country is on, recent news from Seattle, Washington, states.

The strike was made about 25 miles from the head of Goodnews Bay, and mining men who have completed a survey of the ground say that it will prove one of the richest in that part of the North. One man with a pick and a pan made a clean-up of over



\$1,000 in a day, and the whole camp is wild with excitement. The value of the pans ranges from \$1 to \$3.

It is a placer strike, the kind that the ordinary mining man can work. Probably by this time all the pay ground in sight has been staked. Food and supplies are going to be decidedly scarce in both the Goodnews Bay and Kuskokwim River districts, and any one who goes in had better be well prepared for a long and hard winter. There were between 25 and 30 men working claims back of Goodnews Bay, and it was predicted that they would take out approximately \$340,000 before next spring, weather permitting.

#### Crew Adopts French Family.

The crew of an American warship patrolling the steamer lanes off the coast of France has just "adopted" a French family consisting of a mother and four minor children, and raised a fund for their temporary support.

The adopted family was driven from their home in a village near St. Quentin after their home had been burned by invading Germans and their crops and orchards pillaged and destroyed. The father was killed in one of the early battles of the war.

Several months ago the family went to a seaport city, where the mother obtained employment which just enabled her to provide herself and the children with the bare necessities of life. Soon after the arrival of the American warship, the sailors discovered the family's position and immediately presented to the mother a large purse. The children were taken into the stores and provided with candy and other luxuries.

Ever since the American ship has made this port as its base this family has wanted for neither the necessities nor the luxuries of life.

#### Old Coffeepot Yields Cash.

In an old coffeepot thrown away a few days after the death of Mrs. Hannah Gale at Tuckerton, New Jersey, recently, was found \$600 in bank notes.

This discovery led neighbors to search the house, and in the attic was found \$3,000, representing a life savings, which included part of the salvage Mrs. Gale received for work done in saving part of the cargo of a boat which ran ashore at Tuckerton twenty years ago.

The money she got then was put in a separate envelope and its source marked. The seal was unbroken, and the money had probably not been touched all of that time.

#### Dog Shakes Snakes.

F. H. Guier and son Dennis, who are prominent citizens of Mayfield, Kentucky, and whose record for truth and veracity cannot be questioned, say that recently while they were suckering tobacco their attention was attracted by the family dog barking and making a peculiar alarm. They went to the dog and saw the animal grab a big snake and begin shaking it. In doing so, young snakes the size and length of a lead pencil began to scatter about them.

The men examined the young reptiles and found them to be copperheads, but the snake which the dog

attacked was a big chicken snake 4 feet long. They were not satisfied with this strange condition, and on further examination they found that the chicken snake had swallowed a copperhead snake 2½ feet long which contained the little snakes. Seven of the youngsters were found.

#### Kisses for Recruits.

Kisses and oratory drew a crowd of 5,000 persons about the U. S. S. *Recruit* in Union Square, New York, recently. The kisses were the gifts of Miss Marie Antoinette Elliott to three men who volunteered for the navy, and everybody got the oratory, for the speaker, J. Henry Smythe, junior, used a megaphone.

He formerly was cheer leader of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been identified for several years with publicity work for the Republican party.

Miss Elliott, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Elliott, of 304 West Seventieth Street, is testing a theory of her own that she has as many kisses to spare as there are men in New York ready to volunteer their services to the navy.

#### Would Put Woman in British Cabinet.

A woman cabinet minister for England is one of the possibilities of the near future. Wide support has been given to the proposal that a woman should occupy the office of Minister of Health, which is to be added to the British cabinet immediately after the war. Lady Frances Balfour, in a statement in support of the proposal, said recently:

"We have lately reconstructed our ideas as to the place of women in our self-governing constitution. Who, then, would be so worthy for the new post of Minister of Health as a woman? She would be represented in Parliament by a male undersecretary, and I think I can assure you that our ideal woman Health Minister would give her undersecretary plenty to do.

"A splendid vision of reconstructive work lies before her. And when we remember all the things that the new department must handle, they seem matters where women are the practical leaders. The Minister of Health will need to be inspector, guardian, counsellor, expert on food values, doctor, nurse, cook, and sanitary expert. If a man were selected he would need a cabinet of his own, composed entirely of women."

#### Bars Women from Jury Duty.

If New York women want to serve on juries, now they have the vote, they will have to scurry around and make their own laws. Frederick O'Byrne, Commissioner of Jurors, declared recently he would take no steps to initiate legislation providing for women jurors, although he admitted there was great need of them because war had drawn so many men from the jury lists.

The present law reads that "a male citizen" is eligible for service on juries, and this can be changed any time the women voters of the State demand it, by the simple process of a bill in the legislature. Incidentally, Commissioner O'Byrne pointed out, this bill has no connection with the passage of the suffrage referendum. Women could have pushed such a bill years ago had it been worth while.



Quite the most exciting thing discovered by the newly enfranchised women voters concerning the jury laws is the provision that requires that citizens who failed to vote at the preceding election be placed at the top when the jury lists are made up.

"If the women follow this system in their law," chuckled Commissioner O'Byrne, "they'll have the 'antis' serving first on the juries. The law requires that we make two lists—the first of men who failed to vote in the last election, and the second of the regular voters who have performed all their civic responsibilities."

Commissioner O'Byrne said he would be in favor of a bill which would make jury duty for women optional.

A discussion took place in the commissioner's office concerning the effect of women on juries. A veteran jurymen thought it would be "terrible" because women would be too lenient.

"In a woman's case," said he, "you'd never get an acquittal."

Suffragists, when questioned on the point, were non-committal.

#### **Service Flag Unfurled at Newsboys' Home.**

A service flag 24 by 34 feet, with 2,520 stars, was unfurled recently at the Brace Memorial Newsboys' Home, 14 New Chambers Street, New York. A letter from Mayor-elect Hylan which was read at the ceremonies was in part as follows:

"The boys whom we honor to-day well realize that this will be the land of the free only while it is the home of the brave. They have given their all for America, and we, if we wish to consider ourselves Americans, must be ready to support them with our all. An America united in spirit and sacrifice is invincible—and America will so be found."

#### **Two Children Killed; Car Stalls in Train's Path.**

Two children were killed instantly in Kingston, New York, recent news states, when the automobile in which they were riding crashed through the lowered gates at a West Shore Railroad crossing, stalled on the track, and was struck by a fast passenger train.

The children, Rose and Emma Cecicco, nine and eleven years old, were left to their fate by the driver of the car, who fled when the motor stopped. Three other children in the machine escaped with bruises.

#### **Americans Get Crosses for Bravery.**

Thomas Lamont and Harry Thompson, both registered from New York, were recently decorated with the War Cross with Palms for bravery in transporting munitions under heavy bombardment in the recent French offensive on the Chemin des Dames. Mr. Lamont also received the Military Medal, the highest purely military distinction in the French army.

The automobile transport which Mr. Lamont and Mr. Thompson were driving was struck by a German shell. Mr. Lamont's left hand was blown nearly off, and its amputation was necessary. He also received other severe wounds. Mr. Thompson was wounded badly.

R. T. Scully, a Princeton graduate and leader of the camion section, also received the War Cross for his action in binding Mr. Lamont's wounds and rushing him and Mr. Thompson to a hospital. His action probably saved Mr. Lamont's life. All three men are members of the American Field Service.

#### **Joffre Heads Fatherless Children.**

Marshal Joffre has accepted the active presidency of the Fatherless Children of France, Miss Luisita Leland, of 563 Park Avenue, New York, secretary of the American National Executive Committee of the organization, stated recently. It was the American Committee of the Fatherless Children of France who honored Marshal Joffre while in this country last spring by raising \$425,000 to care for the children orphaned at the Marne.

Miss Leland also announced that recently \$250,000 was cabled Paris through J. P. Morgan & Co., in appreciation of the new duties that now fall upon Marshal Joffre. This sum is to be used for the French children made fatherless anywhere in Europe by the great war.

#### **Aids Baby to Painless Death.**

Paul Hodzima, the thirty-months-old child that Doctor Harry J. Haiselden practically condemned to death because he was microcephalous, is slowly dying under the course of treatment advised by the physician. Mrs. Paulina Hodzima, the child's mother, administers the treatment.

"You see," she said recently, "how hard it is for him to breathe. He's well formed otherwise, and would be all right were it not for the awful hard breathing. Oh, I love my baby, but I can't bear to see him suffer. I have been giving him the medicine prescribed by Doctor Haiselden, and have made up my mind it is for the best. I would like to keep him, and it nearly breaks my heart to think of him going. But I don't want him to be a burden to himself, always suffering. He cries continually, and is unable to sit up."

"The boy's head is malformed and he suffers from a stricture of the trachea which causes labored breathing," said Doctor Haiselden. "He would always be a hopeless idiot. The treatment I am directing will result in death for the child within two or three months. In the meantime, opiates are being administered to prevent the little one suffering the slightest pain. This, I believe, is the best way. His case is incurable, and an operation would relieve some minor ailments but would never restore his mentality or permit his mental growth."

#### **Her Dad No Slacker.**

"I will support my daughter or do anything else Uncle Sam asks."

This was the reply of Albert Hambach, wealthy plumbing-supply dealer, of Seattle, Washington, when he was questioned recently concerning the exemption claim of his son-in-law, Daniel E. Hughes, sales manager of the Hambach concern.

Hughes claimed that his wife was dependent upon him. It will be recommended that his exemption be revoked.







# New Buffalo Bill Weekly

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We give herewith a list of some of the back numbers in print. You can have your news dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage stamps.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| 61—Buffalo Bill's Treasure Train.          | 136—Buffalo Bill's Army Mystery.            | 211—Buffalo Bill's Throwback.               |
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